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Established June, 1764, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large, quarto, weekly paper, published every Wednesday, except on legal holidays. It contains news, local and general, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

THANKSGIVING DAY

The weather on Thursday was generally typical of the season, with overcast skies in the morning, and a feeling of snow in the air, but before noon the sun came out and the day proved most delightful. There was little business activity during the day, many stores being closed, that frequently fail to recognize a holiday. There were many family reunions during the day, and many sons and daughters of Newport took the opportunity to renew old acquaintances. There was little in the way of a formal programme for the day, the main feature in most cases being the Thanksgiving dinner at home. Fortunately for the householder the price of turkeys was this year very materially lower than last year, the highest price being about 65 cents a pound and from that down to about 40 cents. As one local dealer expressed it, the market price ranged from 65 cents for the finest Rhode Island birds down through a long gamut, to birds at 40 cents, "which might, perhaps, pass the meat inspector."

For the boys of the city, the principal event was the annual dinner for the news and messenger boys of the city which was served at Masonic Hall through the generosity of Mrs. Fred W. Vanderbilt. This was the thirtieth annual event that Mrs. Vanderbilt has given the boys, and there is still no slackening in their popularity. Mrs. T. Fred Kaull was as usual in charge of the arrangements, and had a large corps of competent assistants. Mr. Charles A. Hall acted as master of ceremonies and kept the boys busy with songs while they were not otherwise engaged. Loder's orchestra furnished music for the dinner.

There were union services of the four Episcopal churches held at St. George's in the morning, when Rev. Charles J. Harriman of St. Paul's Church, Portsmouth, delivered the sermon. The other Protestant churches united in a service held at St. Paul's Methodist Church, and the sermon was by Rev. Harold Stearns Capron of the United Congregational Church. Large congregations attended both services.

There were several games of football and other sports during the day, one of the most exciting events being the annual contest between the Rogers High School eleven and the School Alumni. The result was a tie, neither side being able to cross the goal lines. There were many exciting moments, and interest ran high until the finish. One of the Rogers players suffered an injury to his shoulder, which required medical treatment.

Two pupils of the Rogers High School, Ernest Gibbons and Thomas Lawton, were badly cut by broken glass when they tried to pass through a swinging glass door at the school in opposite directions at the same time. The accident followed the football game on Thanksgiving Day, when the boys had returned to the school to dress. They were so badly cut that several stitches had to be taken by a physician, but their injuries are not regarded as serious.

Mrs. Mary Andre, the mother of one of the men who lost his life in the explosion at the Torpedo Station during the war, was found unconscious on the floor of her room at 10 Barnstable avenue, on Thursday. The gas jets in the room were open and the windows and doors were closed. Dr. Sanford was hastily summoned, and after some time succeeded in restoring the woman to consciousness.

SAMUEL SPEERS

Mr. Samuel Speers, for many years gardener in charge of the William died at his home on Summer street last Sunday afternoon. Although he had suffered from a weakness of the heart for several months, it was only within a short time that his condition became serious. He suffered a shock a few days before his death, and failed steadily until the end came.

Mr. Speers was born in Ireland in 1853, and was trained as a gardener. He came to Newport when a young man and at once entered the employ of the late William Brenton Greene, continuing on the estate ever since. He was an expert gardener and had won many prizes for his exhibits both at local shows and those in other places. He was regarded as an authority on many phases of his work.

He had long been a member of the United Congregational Church, and had served as a deacon for nearly ten years. He was a Past Chief Patriarch of Aquidneck Encampment of Odd Fellows, and was a member of Excelsior Lodge. He was active in the Newport Horticultural Society and also in the St. Andrew's Society.

Mr. Speers was twice married, and his second wife, who was Miss Frances Elliot, survives him. He also leaves nine children—Miss Eliza T. Speers, Dr. William J. Speers, Mrs. Alfred W. Holland, Mrs. John C. Sanbury, Samuel Speers, Jr., Mrs. Arthur Langley, Miss Harriet Speers, Arthur K. Speers, and Mrs. Cornelius Weeks.

RED CROSS PARADE

Because of the inclement weather last Saturday, the parade of the Government forces in aid of the Red Cross Drive was postponed, but it was held on Wednesday, when the weather was ideal for the purpose. The line was formed on Washington Square and shortly after 10 o'clock moved through the principal streets. First came the Coast Artillery from Fort Adams, headed by their Band, and the ambulance squad. A company of marines in their full dress uniforms came next, and as always attracted much attention. Then came the large battalion of apprentice seamen from the Training Station, accompanied by their band and bugle corps, and followed by the Hospital Corps. Altogether, it made a very creditable parade and one that few communities could duplicate, being made up in its entirety of men in the regular service.

The Red Cross Drive is still far behind the necessities of the organization and the officers of the local Chapter are hopeful that there will yet be many more renewals of membership.

While the committee of 25, in its tentative budget, made an appropriation of \$21,000 for the improvement of Girard avenue, it has since been discovered that that road is not a public highway, as the abutters have never deeded it to the city. It has been used for highway purposes for many years, but according to the city records the city has no claim to ownership in it. This fact may result in saving for this year the amount that it was proposed to spend for its improvement.

Mr. William H. Bevans, Chief Draftsman at the Torpedo Station, is at the Newport Hospital, where he submitted to an emergent operation on Friday evening of last week. He was suffering from an acute condition, due to ulcers of the stomach, and was taken from his room on Bull street to the Hospital, where Dr. Stewart performed an immediate operation. Although his condition was critical for several days, it is now felt that he is practically out of danger.

There was a very pleasing entertainment at the home of the new cigar factory on Commercial Wharf on Wednesday evening, when an entertainment and housewarming was arranged for the benefit of the stockholders and employees of the new concern. There was a good attendance and a pleasant evening was enjoyed. Many persons who had not had an opportunity to look over the plant before were greatly pleased with what they saw.

Thomas Curley of Boston, who had been employed in this city for some time, died at the home of his sister in Rockland, Mass., on Monday. Curley was the man who was found unconscious in Northam's Lane a short time ago. He was sent to the Hospital in an unconscious condition, but made a quick recovery apparently. The exact cause of his death is not known here.

SUPERIOR COURT

The December session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open in this city next Monday. Many cases which were assigned for trial at the October session had to be carried over to this term because of the congestion at that time, so that it is quite probable that there will be much business before the court.

The docket as printed is a rather long one, and contains among other business, the following new divorce cases: Alysce J. Watson vs. John Watson, Gertrude Agnes Grander vs. Albert Saylor Grander, George Yamparis vs. Sophia Yamparis, Georgiana R. Squiers vs. Anthony Suicia Squiers, Bertie English vs. William English, Edward F. Concklin vs. Elsie S. Concklin, Max Schain vs. Lilian Schain, Anna L. Lucas vs. Henry Joseph Lucas, Estelle Elizabeth Fagan vs. Patrick Joseph Fagan, Lena Anderson vs. John Ernest Anderson, Helen F. Cardinal vs. Henry J. Cardinal, Jennie Cabral vs. Joseph Cabral, Isadore Lull Goult vs. Warren F. Gould, Clara B. Gracey vs. Joseph L. Gracey, Gladys A. F. Blauvelt vs. Nelson Decker Blauvelt, Annie Joseph Nunez vs. Manuel Sousa Nunez, Ethel Scott Harrison vs. Herbert P. Harrison, Jessie Margaret Budlong vs. Milton J. Budlong, Caroline Joyce Yetman vs. Frederick Yetman, Alvin John Morgan vs. Adelaide Walton Morgan.

HELD FOR GRAND JURY

There was a hearing before Judge Levy in the District Court on Tuesday in the case of State vs. William Hansen, charged with manslaughter in causing the death of Robbins C. Little, who was killed in Portsmouth on November 11. Several witnesses were called by the State, but no testimony was offered by the defense. At the conclusion of the hearing, the defendant was adjudged probably guilty and was released on \$3000 bail, to await the action of the grand jury.

It will be remembered that young Little was killed after leaving the trolley car on his way to St. Mary's Church. Mr. Hansen's sedan overturned and fell upon the boy, killing him instantly.

Tomorrow, Sunday, the sun will rise at 6:51 and set at 4:14; the day will be 9 hours and 19 minutes long. The earliest hour at which the sun will set is 4:13, which will be only one minute earlier than now. The sun will continue to rise later in the morning until the last of the month, when it will rise at 7:14. The shortest day in the year is 9 hours and 6 minutes long. So it will be seen that they will shorten only 13 minutes more, principally in the morning.

St. Paul's Ladies Night will be held in the Masonic Temple next Friday evening, and a large attendance is expected. Two hours will be devoted to an entertainment furnished by the Smalley Trio of Boston, consisting of Cello, flute and harp, assisted by Miss Helen Cannon, reader, Mr. Joseph Ecker, baritone, and Miss Williams, pianist. Refreshments will be served at the close of the entertainment program and dancing will follow until midnight.

Although Newport has had a little trouble within the past few days, due to the loss of electric lights for a short time, other communities in the State have been larger sufferers from the same cause, as the circuit of the Connecticut River power has been interrupted several times, affecting mostly the places in the northern and western parts of the State.

Considerable progress has already been made on the new work at the Beach, but the contractor will not begin the rush work until the weather becomes settled in the spring. Conditions now are too uncertain to permit of engaging a large gang to push the construction rapidly.

Mr. William S. Slocum passed his eighty-fourth milestone last Sunday, receiving many congratulations during the day. He is hale and hearty and devotes a large part of each day to bee culture, producing a remarkably fine grade of honey for which there is a large demand.

Early Sunday morning some persons bent on malicious mischief pulled in two false alarms, calling out the fire apparatus. One alarm was from box 211 and the other from box 212. This is a serious offense.

Mrs. James Powell Cozens is visiting in Philadelphia, and it is possible that she may go abroad to spend the winter.

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH

A seaman named Fredval Johansen, attached to tug Eureka, of the Staples Transportation Company, was found dead in a lot off Tilden avenue last Sunday evening, and the police have since been working hard to solve the mystery of his death. Another seaman on the Eureka, John J. Kavanaugh, is being held on a technical charge of manslaughter, but there is considerable question as to whether he is responsible for the fatality.

Sunday evening at about ten o'clock, a boy named Vars heard cries for help coming from the lot, and the policeman on the beat was notified. He found a man lying down in the lot, and believing him to be drunk, sent in a call for the patrol wagon. When the wagon arrived and investigation was made it was found that the man was dead. His face was badly battered and there were two small pools of blood. Kavanaugh was then found near by and as his appearance indicated that he had been engaged in a fight, he was immediately placed under arrest and taken to the Police Station. Medical Examiner Sherman was notified and after making an examination of the body, gave permission for its removal to the Morgue at the Police Station.

Kavanaugh, when questioned by the police, could give little account of his activities during the evening. He admitted that he had been with Johansen and both had been drinking, but he claimed to have no recollection of a fight between them. The lot in which the body was found, was plentifully sprinkled with large rocks, and there is a possibility that the dead man may have stumbled and fallen in such a way as to cause his death by striking his head upon one of them. Both men were given a good reputation by the Captain of the tug.

For a number of years Newport was regarded by out-of-town financiers as the home of the easy mark, and a great deal of local money has been dumped into oil holes, mines of various kinds, and other speculative activities. If this money had been kept at home, it not only would not have been lost but would have sufficed to finance a number of hotels. In late years, either Newporters have been more chary of foreign investments or the promoters have thought that there was not sufficient money here to be of interest. Within the last few months, however, the tide has taken another turn and large sums are now flowing out into the hands of a corporation that, to put it more mildly than the bankers do, is "highly speculative."

The annual Memorial service of Newport Lodge of Elks will be held at the Colonial Theatre on Sunday afternoon, beginning at 2:45 o'clock, and as usual will be open to the public. Judge A. A. Capostoto will deliver the eulogy, and Rev. John Howard Deming, rector of St. George's Church, will be the Chaplain. Six members of the Lodge have died during the past year.

Mrs. Walker Breese Smith died at her residence, "Westholme," on Catherine street on Saturday after an illness of several weeks. She was long active in many organizations, and had held important offices in Newport Chapter of the Red Cross, the Civic League and other societies for the betterment of Newport.

A number of automobile accidents have been reported within the last few days, but none of a serious nature. The police are looking out for vehicles without lights, including bicycles, which are a serious menace on the streets at night. Autoists with defective headlights are also being warned.

Mr. Benjamin W. H. Peckham of Middletown suffered the amputation of a leg at the Newport Hospital on Tuesday. The operation was performed by Dr. Stewart to check the progress of a disease.

George Francis Ebbitt of 15 Park street has been nominated by Senator Gerry for a vacancy at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He will take the examination for entrance next June.

A Middletown resident has been fined \$17.60 for speeding his auto in the outer Broadway district. That is about the last place that one would naturally select for speeding today.

The police have been looking for an autoist who struck a man named Wendall A. Barker on Broadway last Saturday evening, inflicting painful injuries.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Pomona Grange

The monthly meeting of Newport County Pomona Grange was held at Middletown Town Hall as guest of Aquidneck Grange.

The meeting was presided over by Worthy Master Mrs. Florence Sutcliffe, Worthy Master Lewis R. Plummer of Aquidneck Grange gave an address of welcome.

Reports of granges were read and it was announced that Nanauaket is the first to organize a Juvenile Grange. Mrs. Sutcliffe is the County Deputy for this work. A Juvenile Grange is soon to be started at Nonquit, Tiverton.

Worthy Master Mrs. Sutcliffe gave a report of the presentation, in full form, of the fifth degree, by the ladies Pomona degree team at Watuppa, Mass., recently, at which 68 candidates took the degree. About 300 members were present to witness the work. An invitation has been received to present the work of the fifth degree at the annual meeting of the State Grange in Providence Thursday, December 13.

The Chaplain presented her resignation and Mrs. Helen Wilcox, a Past Master, will supply until the annual election. Roll call was responded to by each with a favorite part of the ritual, after which a number of poems by New England authors was read, as was an original paper entitled "New England Old and New." This was written for the Paradise Club by Mrs. Edward A. Brown of this town, who was formerly a Grange member, and was repeated by request at the Pomona Grange.

The Worthy Secretary, Mrs. Jesse I. Durfee, conducted a guessing game, "An Autumn romance," and various clippings were read.

A supper was served, after which the evening session opened.

Five candidates were initiated in the fifth degree by the ladies' degree team.

Worthy Master Mrs. Sutcliffe announced that Charles W. Gardner, high priest of Demeter of the National Grange, will be the installing officer at the January meeting. The election of officers, which occurs biennially, will take place at the December meeting.

A short program of musical numbers and an address by Worthy Master of Aquidneck Grange, completed the program. Remarks were made for the good of the order. Mr. and Mrs. William T. H. Soule of Portsmouth were elected alternates to attend the annual State Grange meeting.

Miss Annie H. Chase entertained the Birthday Circle at her home in Newport.

A special Thanksgiving service was held on Wednesday evening at the Holy Cross Church. Rev. James P. Conover officiated. The annual donations of vegetables, fruits and preserves were made for St. Mary's Orphanage.

Mr. Benjamin W. H. Peckham, who has been very ill at his home with pleuritis, has been taken to the Newport Hospital, where it is feared that an operation will be necessary.

The regular meeting of the Aquidneck Grange was held recently at the town hall. During a recess the Portsmouth degree team presented a well executed drill, each member being dressed in white and carrying an American flag. The Grange was reopened and 10 candidates were initiated in the third and fourth degrees, by the Portsmouth degree team. Refreshments of cake and coffee were served, after which Mr. Fred P. Weber presented the literary program.

After giving "Darius Green and his Flying Machine," he called 11 prominent members to assist him in a Harvest Pageant. Mr. Weber explained that this pageant did not need any rehearsing and gave each person a name in his comedy, and requested them to move to the front of the stage and get very close together. Then he announced that the name of the Pageant was "The gathering of the Nuts," which caused much merriment.

Last Sunday's Providence Journal contained a photograph of Mrs. Daniel Peckham feeding her flock of turkeys at her home.

The Oliphant Reading Club omitted its meeting this week, owing to the holiday.

The Men's Community Club of St. Mary's Parish held a smoker and whist at St. Mary's Rectory Tuesday evening. The meeting was in charge of Messrs. Charles A. Carr and Borden L. Sisson. Doughnuts and coffee were served.

The meeting at the Holy Cross Guild House was omitted this week, because of the Thanksgiving holiday.

St. Columba's Guild held an all-day meeting on Friday, when final arrangements were made for the sale and supper to be held on December 12.

The condition of Mr. James R. Chase, who has been ill for the past few weeks, remains about the same.

The regular meeting of the Wild Rose Troop of Girl Scouts was held at the Holy Cross Guild House. Two new members, Dorothy Cawley and Leslie Pitt, were admitted. It was decided to have Christmas stocking for one of the girls at Fairbairn School.

At the Christmas meeting, Rita Edmundson, in behalf of the Troop, presented a large bouquet of carnations to the Captain, Mrs. Arthur A.

Anthony, in honor of her birthday.

Mrs. Marshall Corinne of New York is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Plummer.

The next meeting of the Paradise Club will be held with Mrs. John Nicholson on December 6.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Aquidneck Chapter, No. 9, R. A. M.

The annual meeting of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 9, R. A. M., was held Monday evening, Nov. 26, in Eureka Hall.

The following officers, elected and appointed, were installed by R. Ex. Comp. Whitehead, Grand Principal Sojourner of the Grand Chapter of Rhode Island, assisted by Ex. Companion Edgar C. Kay acting Grand Captain of the Host, and Ex. Comp. Herbert B. Ashley, acting Grand Chaplain.

High Priest—David P. Hedley. King—Jethro H. Peckham. Scribe—Daniel O. Bowker. Secretary—Ex. Charles O. Thomas. Treasurer—Ex. Alfred C. Hall. Chaplain—Ex. Benj. B. Barker, Jr. Captain of the Host—Ernest Cross. Principal Sojourner—Gordon McDonald.

Royal Arch Captain—Levi Ibbotson. Master of 3rd Veil—David N. Hanson.

Master 2nd Veil—Robert Salter. Master 1st Veil—James Robertshaw.

Sentinel—Charles G. Clarke. Among those present were Most Excellent Grand High Priest Norris G. Abbott, Right Excellent Grand King Donald E. Spears, and Ex. Comp. Robert G. Biesel, all of whom addressed the Chapter.

A Past High Priest's jewel was presented to the retiring High Priest, Benj. B. Barker, Jr., by the newly installed High Priest David P. Hedley, with appropriate remarks by both.

At the conclusion of the meeting a New England supper was served in the dining hall.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Anthony have been guests of Mr. Anthony's mother, Mrs. George Anthony. Mr. Anthony was formerly located at Buffalo, N. Y., but has secured a position at Milwaukee, Wis., where he has now gone.

Mr. and Mrs. James Austin Peckham of Wellesley, Mass., have been guests of Mr. Peckham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jethro J. Peckham.

Another auction sale was held at the farm of Mr. Elbert A. Sisson on Jepson Lane. A large quantity of farm stock and tools was sold by Mr. Harry Paquin, who acted as auctioneer, assisted by Mr. Edward E. Peckham. Mr. Sisson has been forced to give up farming by ill health and failing eyesight.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis L. King of Newport have gone to Miami, Florida, where they expect to locate. Mrs. King was formerly Mrs. Samuel Spooner of this town.

The auction sale of farm stock and tools of Messrs. Abram L. Rathbone and James P. Sherman, which was held on Monday at their farm on Middle Road, was well attended. The auctioneer was Mr. William A. S. Cummings. Members of Sarah Rebeckah Lodge served a luncheon.

Mrs. George H. Draper entertained the Newport Hospital Alumnae at bridge at her home on Saturday afternoon. It is planned to hold these meetings monthly. Mrs. Draper was also on the committee for the annual ball of the Newport Hospital Nurses Alumnae Association, which was held on Thanksgiving night.

The Christmas Sale of Col. William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., was held recently at the Chapter House. The Sale was well attended and a substantial sum was added to the treasury.

Mrs. Elbert A. Sisson has gone to Newport to visit her sister, Mrs. Clarence A. Carr.

Mrs. Albert E. Sherman, who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks, is somewhat improved and able to sit up a little each day.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held their annual Christmas Sale and Supper at the Parish House on Tuesday evening.

The Sunday School teachers of St. Mary's Church met with the Superintendent, Mrs. Phoebe Manchester, on Monday evening to plan a Christmas box which will be packed by the children, to be sent to St. Andrew's Mission, Greenville, N. C.

Mrs. Everett P. Smith, who with her husband, Rev. Mr. Smith, was formerly at St. Mary's Church, will be visiting in Newport on December 6 and 7, and will then sail for her home in Geneva, Switzerland, where Rev. Mr. Smith has charge of a parish. Mrs. Smith has been visiting her father in Washington, D. C.

The new power lifeboat for the Brenton's Reef Coast Guard Station arrived in Newport this week, and goes into commission immediately. She was brought around from New Jersey by two men from the regular Station crew, who expressed themselves as much pleased with the new craft and her performance. The new boat is the very latest word in life saving equipment, being powerful and seaworthy.

JOSEPH GREER and His DAUGHTER

By HENRY
KITCHELL
WEBSTER.

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Henry Kittell
Webster.

a cross section of human life. He assumes no air of responsibility for his characters; he will not compel them to do this or that, but lets them, as it seems, work things out for themselves. His method here is comparable to that of the old masters. Of course it is the most subtle form of art in its apparent simplicity.

The thing that strikes one most about his people is that they are never echoes. They do not remind you of anyone you have read about before. Each is new; just as each human being is a new entity in himself or herself. They are not built up from any formula, but just seem to happen, each in his own way. That is more evident in this novel than in any of its predecessors; it indicates a growth in ability, a wider, surer vision.

The author has put his skill to many uses. He has written fine detective stories, charming fantasies, careful studies. Of late years his voice has been heard in a study of some phase of that life in Chicago. He has done his work well, but he has exceeded his earlier stories in "Joseph Greer and His Daughter." For this tale he has taken a larger canvas, has introduced a larger group of characters, and presents these characters in both business and social life. It is not a thesis, a study of an arrangement of society. It is a story, the story of an unusual man and his equally unusual daughter.

CHAPTER I

The Pawn.

On the face of it, John Williamson's invitation to lunch was nothing that Henry Craven need especially wonder, let alone worry, about. It was unusual—Henry couldn't remember, indeed, that it had ever happened before in just these circumstances—but surely one needn't feel on that account that there was anything ominous about it. The manner of giving it had been a little overbearing, perhaps; high-handed, anyhow. But that was John Williamson's way, and no doubt his place in Chicago's financial world entitled him to it.

Henry had been dictating a letter—around eleven o'clock this was—when one of the bank's more important customers spoke to him from across the marble rail. Evidently the man didn't care to come inside, so Henry went to the hall to see what was wanted. His telephone rang while he stood talking with the customer and, of course, his stenographer answered it. He heard her say, "Yes, Mr. Williamson." And then, "He's right here. Should I call him?" But John, evidently, hadn't thought it necessary to wait, even a minute. There was another pause while she made a notation on a pad, and finally, "Very well, Mr. Williamson, I'll tell him."

What Henry's stenographer had written on her pad was: "He at J. W.'s office at twelve-thirty. Lunch." No "ifs" at all. Not even an "if possible."

Well, of course there were no "ifs." John was one of two or three Olympians who, among their other cloudy tasks, directed the policies of this great bank, in which his cousin by marriage, Henry Craven, after sixteen years of faithful service, had recently been promoted to be one of the assistant cashiers. Naturally, then, if John wanted him for any reason, big or little, Henry would come.

It was unlikely, wasn't it, that the thing was of any serious importance? It mightn't be a business matter at all. Some little domestic problem or other. Violet (she was John's wife and Henry's cousin) had a birthday coming next week. It was possible that Henry's cultivated taste was going to be requisitioned to pick out a present for her. Only would John have wasted a priceless lunch hour—the most important hour of his hard-driven day—upon a trifle like that? It was inconceivable. The lunch-table was just where men like John talked over and arrived at their major decisions.

Yet what major decision of John's would inaguinably concern Henry? Unless—unless it was a question of Henry's own job in the bank. They weren't to promote him again; they'd decided that. But suppose—suppose they felt he hadn't made good, and had decided to do the other thing. Wouldn't it be broken to him just like this, coming over the lunch-table?

He pulled himself up with a jerk and shot a glance at the stenographer. And his moment of panic began to melt in his face. But she was just sitting out there in the sort of trance that is one of the accomplishments of her profession.

"What's the time thing I said?" he asked. "The time thing I said?" he asked. "The time thing I said?" he asked.

He didn't heed it, but he did need another minute or two in which to take possession of himself. That four—four—damnable black dog of a fear, that slunk at his heels since his first day at the bank.

It had been natural enough at first, when he was brusque and bewildered by a sudden tragic change in the whole prospect of his life. John had given him this job out of charity, or, if you preferred putting it so, by way of meeting an obligation he had assumed on marrying into the Craven family. He'd come into the bank as a lame duck.

There was, though, no reasonable doubt that he stayed and advanced on his merits. All the evidence leaned that way. But the fear persisted. Not, of course, as a constant compulsion. There were days, weeks of them together sometimes, when he never thought of it. But at some trifling enigma, fancied very likely, in the conduct of one of his superiors, some conversation unavoidably half overheard, some smile that he felt glanced his way, the thing would seize him like a spasm of pain from an injured nerve.

He knew it was a weakness. He made valiant attempts to conquer it. He grew ashamed of it. He developed the corollary fear that it would be discovered.

His latest promotion had, he'd supposed, worked a cure. An assistant cashier was one of the officers of the bank. "If ever they make me an officer,"



"If Ever They Make Me an Officer."

cer," he'd said to himself a thousand times, "then I'll know I'm safe." And indeed, during the three months since it had occurred, he'd been breathing deeper, luxuriating in a new security. But now, for no better reason than that his Cousin John had invited him to lunch, he was quaking at the pit of his stomach like a schoolboy who's been told to report to the principal. It was absurd. A desire came flooding over him as he sat upon that straight chair in John Williamson's outer office—a passionate desire to do something unexpected, wicked quite possibly, but successful, immense; to the effect that telephone girls should stand in awe of him and private secretaries treat him with respect.

Through an open transom Henry could hear loud laughter as a heavy voice fumbled through a story and his anger, that he should be kept waiting under such circumstances, rose. He was about to have the girl telephone to John that he was waiting when the door into Mills' office was brusquely opened. Henry heard young Mills, evidently at the other door, say, "You can get out this way, Mr. Greer."

The man addressed stood there in an attitude of arrested motion, grinning back into the room. And Henry, while he stared at the sight of him, held his breath. All his fingers' annoyances were forgotten, swallowed up in the sensation which the man's appearance produced.

His beard was the first thing you saw. It was cut round and short—not fashioned at all—and it was black, as black as if it had been drawn upon his face with India ink. His hair was just as black and thick, and it was cut quite short enough to hide a tendency to curl. Against this blackness of hair and brow the gleam of his teeth and the whites of his eyes made a dazzling contrast. But indeed, as you took him in, you saw that he was a bundle of contrasts; the lightness of his pulse, as he stood there holding the door, against the burly breadth of those shoulders and the bulkiness; the look of gentility that you got from his smile, contradicted by his nose, which jutted out in so bluntly aggressive a manner as to be—practical almost, Henry felt.

He had answered Rolfe Mills by saying in his peculiarly resonant voice that he always thought he was lucky, coming to a place like this, if he could get out the same door he'd come in by; and he continued for a minute rubbing this in. All these notions of finance had, he supposed, a chance down which the unwary wander, having been shown, was permitted to plunge.

John looked somewhat gladdened when he appeared a moment later. He did not come out of his abstraction until just

as they were turning into the club; then he took Henry by the arm.

"Did you know that fellow?" he asked. "The man who was up in my office?"

"No," Henry said. "I don't believe I've ever seen him before. I'm sure he's not one of the customers over at the bank."

"His name's Greer," said John. "Joseph Greer. Ever heard of him?"

"The name's vaguely familiar, perhaps, but I can't place it. I'll be glad to look him up for you, if you like."

"We've looked him up," said John. "I guess we know pretty much all there is to know about him. He's got a proposition we're going to take up. Going into business with him. I'll tell you the whole thing at lunch."

By this time Henry perceived that danger of his job being taken away from him did not exist and he breathed easy again. When the two men sat down to the table John launched into a description of Greer's business. It seemed that the farmers of the country, who were growing plants for linseed oil, were throwing away the flax-straw from some two million acres of land every year and that Greer had discovered a process by which to make linen from it at a price that would permit America to compete with the cheap hand labor of Europe.

John finally wound up his talk by telling Henry that he had picked him as treasurer of the new company. At a salary of ten thousand a year. Frankly, he stated, the directors had faith in Greer's ability in a practical way but they feared his handling large amounts of money without some sort of a check being kept on him, and that was to be Henry's duty. John did not press Henry for an immediate answer and told him to sleep on it before giving him his answer.

The offer was a splendid one for Craven after the fifteen years of terrible struggle on the part of himself and his sister to keep up appearances. His father had died when Henry was a mere boy, leaving his family practically penniless but the brother and sister, aided by powerful friends of their father, had managed to keep up the home.

Henry arrived home ahead of his sister and when the huzzar announced a caller he rushed to the door, expecting to see Margaret, although she usually carried a key.

It wasn't Margaret, though. There were two people coming now, and they proved to be Violet Williamson and young Dorothy. The latter, when she saw who was waiting for them, left her mother behind, took the remaining flight of stairs two at a time, flung her arms around him, gave him a tight hug, and kissed him soundly, just as she'd used to do when she was unequivocally a little girl. It was a heart-warming experience. The two foraged in the pantry and through the toolbox for materials for tea.

"I am practicing on you," Dorothy admitted. "She wants me to."

"Your mother?"

"The girl nodded. Henry was still speechless over this when he heard Margaret talking to Violet in the other room. It was only a moment later that his sister, without stopping to remove her wraps, swooped down upon them in the pantry. She kissed Dorothy enthusiastically and held her off in both hands.

"You're a delicious-looking young thing," she said.

"I wish I looked like you," the girl retorted, a little flushed but easily enough. "I always have, you know."

People had just one adjective for Margaret—good-looking. She felt short of beauty and there was nothing pretty about her. She had regular features, rather finely modeled, a good skin, and enough hair. Had her life run on in the channel that it had started in, she might have attained an effect of style, smartness, anyhow. As it was what she had achieved was a crispness of movement and inflection, an air of adequacy to any situation that might arise, which men, in the main, found a little formidable. The men who liked her best were older than she and married. But just this quality, it was easy to guess, was what young Dorothy admired. And, you could not mistake the sincerity of what she had just said.

Abruptly, Margaret shoved them out into the sitting-room to keep Violet amused while she got the tea. Just as Margaret was coming in with the tray Violet said, "It must seem strange to be leaving the bank, doesn't it?"

He answered quickly. "Margaret doesn't know." Then to his sister he went on, "John offered me a new job at lunch today and I'm taking it."

Her eyebrows went up with an expression which betrayed nothing but good-humored surprise. Then she said, "It must be pretty good if you could make up your mind as quickly as that to take it."

"Well, I'm sure it must look good to John," Violet observed. "The whole scheme, I mean. Because unless it had looked well—marvelous, he'd never have gone in with that man."

"Greer, you mean," Henry said, and turned once more to Margaret with explanations. "He's an inventor and he's found a way to make linen out of American flax straw. They've never been able to do it before and the farmers have burned it—thousands, or maybe millions, of tons of it every year. I don't understand Greer's process in the least. I'm not even sure that John does. But he seems to have no doubt it works. John wants me to be treasurer of the new company," he concluded. "The inventor himself is to be president."

"Have you met him yet?" Violet asked.

"I just got a glimpse of him," Henry answered. "I hadn't time to see anything but his beard."

"That's the man, all right," Violet said, with a nod. And went on, since they were both visibly waiting for more: "Why, he sounds amusing to me; really attractive. Jimmie Wallace likes him quite a lot. He likes to play with theatrical people—that's how Jimmie knows him. But, of course, Jimmie himself isn't exactly what you'd call—sister, he's got

an apartment—Greer, I mean—up on Sheridan road, in the same building that Della and Bill Forrester are in. Della is quite an authority on him. Never met him, of course. But she meets up with him, accidentally, you know, every now and then, and they get very pally. She's hoping, she says, that he'll invite her to one of his parties. They must be pretty terrific from all accounts."

"I got the impression," Henry observed, "from John's biography of him that he's a bachelor."

"I don't know," said Violet. "It comes to that, anyhow. He lives in that big apartment all by himself. At least—" she qualified, and broke off with a glance toward her daughter.

"You needn't mind me," Dorothy said quietly. "I'm reading the Literary News. All the same," the girl went on, looking up at Henry from the magazine her glance had fallen upon, "I think that sort of inventor would be a wonderful person to have about. Mostly they're so awfully noble and innocent, aren't they, and about a hundred years old? Or is that just in the movies? Anyhow, I think you'd like it a lot. I wish father would give me a job in the new company."

She rose then, put down her cup, and, coming round behind her mother's chair, took her lightly by the shoulders. "I was to drag you away by force at a quarter to six," she said. (Henry noted how she had exhaled using any term of address.) "It's nearly that now, and you haven't done your errand yet."

"I'm having a dinner tomorrow night," Violet explained to Margaret, "and as things have turned out, I'm simply gorged with men. Can I stand you away from Henry? It's going to be frightfully dull, I'm afraid."

Margaret thought she could come. She didn't mind being bored, she said, as she went over to her little writing-desk to consult her calendar. Violet's food was always so wonderful.

Dorothy had come over to Henry and offered him her hand, "for luck." He retained it as he turned to her mother and asked, "How about an even exchange? Or wouldn't it be proper? Or are you going to commandeer Dorothy, too?"

"Yes, it's all right," Margaret said, from her desk in the corner. "Love to! Seven-thirty."

"Oh, Dorothy's perfectly—unattainable," Violet told Henry. "She's dining and dancing somewhere tomorrow night. I don't in the least remember where. All I know is I accepted eleven invitations for her for Easter week."

"I'm desolated that I can't dine with you," Dorothy cried in the best accents of Vanity Fair. "It would be much more amusing."

"I call that," Henry grumbled, after he had closed the door behind them, "an infernal outrage. Oh, not your going out to dinner!" he added, for he had caught a look in his sister's face that startled him. "I meant the way she's trying to spoil that lovely child. John said today that seventeen was a devilish age. He's wrong. It's thirty-eight that is."

"I didn't suppose you meant about the dinner," she said, her voice coming rather flat, "and I suppose you did mean Dorothy. But there was just a chance, I thought, that you resented the way John had treated you."

"John! In offering me the new job, you mean? That's because you don't know about it yet. Violet spoiled things, rather, making me tell it backward. It's ten thousand a year, I beg to begin with—stock in the company—Independence again, if the thing goes right—something like old times."

She asked him abruptly, "When did you first hear about this?"

"Why—just today at lunch. You don't think I'd keep a thing like that from you. I'm sorry I told Violet first, but it came up naturally, somehow, and then I took it for granted that she'd know anyway."

"And you accepted it finally—right there at the lunch-table?"

"No, of course not. As a matter of fact, John didn't ask me to. He knew I'd want to think it over—talk it over with you."

"How long did he give you to decide?" she asked.

"Well, the meeting is tomorrow afternoon," said Henry, and all the wind went out of his sails on the admission. "They'll want to know before then. I told John I'd call him up in the morning."

"That's what I thought you might resent." Her voice flattened down upon the words and, as she'd turned away from him, they were hardly audible.

"I don't feel I'm being unduly hurried," he assured her, "if that's what you mean. I've already decided, unless you've some serious objection to urge, that I'll take it."

"You haven't decided anything," she contradicted. "You haven't had any chance to decide. You don't know whether the process works or not. I don't believe you know whether it's

ever been tried or is just a theory. John's decided it for you. He's going to take a flier. He can afford to lose as well as not. He's used you like a pawn in a game of chess—pushing you in. It won't matter to him whether you're taken or not."

He had no answer ready, and she went on a moment later to add the capstone to the fanciful edifice. "How do you know," she asked, "that there isn't some one else he wants your place in the bank for?"

"I haven't any proof that he doesn't," he said then, gently. "But that doesn't square with his history. He's shown us as much real kindness and goodwill, during the last fifteen years, as we've found in anybody. If he treats me as a pawn it's because that's what I really am—on the business chess-board."

"You're three times as intelligent as he is," she protested.

"So was father," he reminded her. "Intelligence isn't the thing they play this game with. It wants a certain stupidity, really, to keep you munching away at it all day long like one of John's Holsteins. Father couldn't do that; couldn't keep his mind on it. He didn't hate it until those last years, because he began by getting the better of it. Well—of course, I didn't begin that way. And until John showed me this chance today at lunch, it looked as if I never would get the better of it, short of retiring on a wretched little pension when I was sixty-five or so, too old to have any life left. This thing, of course, may fall. I suppose you're right, that it's more than likely to. But, if it doesn't, it's a way out. It's a chance to live a little, while I've still got something—"

He pulled up short. He'd commenced with himself in this strain often enough, but he'd never heard himself saying such things aloud.

The meeting the next afternoon was, so far as its actual proceedings went, a dull affair, the inevitable legal house-pieces occupying most of the time. Two lawyers were present; a man named Nathan, who seemed to be Greer's attorney, and across the table, young Craig from Aldrich's office, who acted at first as secretary of the meeting. Sometimes they differed solemnly and, it seemed to Henry, interminably, over a trivial matter of phrasing. Sometimes one of the principals took a hand. Once Henry heard Craig say to John Williamson: "Mr. Aldrich will accept this. He gave me a special memorandum on it." It might, from the solemnity with which he spoke, have been a special tablet from Mount Sinai, and John nodded with an air of complete satisfaction, his momentary uneasiness quite banished. To Henry, trying hard to keep awake, this seemed mildly ludicrous.

But Greer sprang a sensation along in the middle of the meeting. Of the permanent directors, three, by agreement, were to be elected at his nomination; himself, of course; his lawyer, Nathan, and J. MacArthur, who was, also by agreement, to be made secretary of the company. When the election had taken place and they were ready to go, as the directors' meeting, John turned to Greer and asked:

"Where is MacArthur? If he's to be secretary he ought to be here to take charge of the minutes. Can you get hold of him?"

Greer's answer was to tilt back in his chair and, reaching around without rising, press a button on his desk. Henry guessed in that instant, from a gleam in his eye, that something was going to happen.

When an office boy answered the buzzer, Greer said, "Ask Miss MacArthur to come in."

Well, there was nothing unprecedented about it, of course. Plenty of women were directors of companies and officers, too. But that they should have been led into electing her in the dark like this gave them a sense of having been tricked. John and Gregory Corbett looked pretty blank. Greer, glanced around from one set, serious face to the next with an open grin.

The door opened just then, and she came in. They all got up, of course, and Greer introduced them around. Her manner, if not her appearance, was immeasurably reassuring. She took young Craig's chair at Greer's right hand. Two or three clearly directed questions and a cursory look through his notes put her abreast of the situation. She knew her business; so much was easy to see.

Yet she was not, Henry felt, quite the type of business woman he was acquainted with. Her dress had a somewhat mannish air which they, as a rule, are careful to avoid.

When the meeting broke up, Henry's delay, occupied by the meticulous adjustment of his muffler before putting on his overcoat, gave Miss MacArthur an opportunity, almost an invitation, perhaps, to come up and speak to him.

"Wouldn't you like to see your new office, Mr. Craven, before you go?" He followed her down the corridor with a curiously stimulating sense of adventure.

"This was Mr. Ferris' office," she said as she ushered him into a room that was just the conventional quartered-oak and ground-glass box-stall. "He was treasurer of the old company. At least," she added without a smile, "he was called treasurer."

He perceived plainly enough that she meant to tell him something, and waited, with a trepidation he was afraid wasn't quite concealed, for her to go on.

"I only meant," she explained, "that Mr. Greer is always so full of the one thing that happens to be on his mind that the rest of us have to catch hold just anywhere and all in."

After she had gone he dropped down into the swivel-chair—his swivel-chair now—feeling the imperative need of a few minutes in which to get himself together. But before the process of recollection had fairly found time to begin, he heard steps—Greer's, he was sure—come down the corridor and turn into the secretary's office next door.

"Oh, hello!" he heard her say. "I

thought you'd gone!"

"The other said—it was Greer—"Ood-frey, what an afternoon!" and plumped down heavily on her desk.

"Well," Greer went on after striking a match, "I guess we've really started, at last. I don't believe there's any more d-d fee-fun that they can think of. So you tomorrow," he asked. "How about dinner up at the flat? My train doesn't go until midnight."

"I can't come to dinner. But lunch is all right, if you like, and the rest of the afternoon."

"D-n it, Joseph, can't you leave the one decent holiday in the week alone?"

"You have too many workdays as it is. I'll be there at one, but I won't wait. So if you're at work and don't feel like stopping, you needn't."

"Oh, all right! One o'clock, then. You're an infernal tyrant, Jennie."

"So would you be, Joe" (or did she call him Joe?), "if you got the chance, I guess."

The next moment Henry heard her going. Then, before he could move or think, the communicating door was thrown open, and Greer, at peace with the world, came in upon him. He gave Henry an amiable smile, pleased to find him there. Before speaking he devoted a moment to a prodigious yawn and stretch.

"Well, he said, as he squeezed the water out of his eyes, "that's over. We're through with that sort of hankum for a while, anyway. You found it as dull as I did; I could see that. Let's go somewhere and have a chin—and a drink," he added. "I'd drier right now than this country will ever be."

Greer piloted him back into a sort of grill where, apparently, food was to be had as well as liquor. Greer ordered bourbon for himself, and Henry chose a pot of orange pekoe.

"What do you make of Williamson?" Greer asked abruptly.

"Make of him?" Henry echoed. "Why, I don't know. I've known him,

you see, for a great many years. He married a foolish of mine."

"Married, is he?" Greer reflected. Then, "Living with his wife?"

Henry jumped. "Yes," he said. "Oh, yes, certainly."

Apparently, from his host's point of view, it was by no means a corollary. But, having received Henry's assurance on the point, he was content to let it drop and go back to the malt theme.

"Well, I don't get any of these fellows," he said; "the financial gang. I don't see how they get away with it. I don't see how they keep themselves alive. Oh, I know you're on their side. You were in the bank, weren't you? And they put you in here to keep an eye on me. But you're no more like them really than I am. I saw that well enough at the meeting. There were a dozen times today when we both wanted to say, 'To h— with it!' But you've worked for 'em, seen 'em close to, so I thought maybe you could tell me the answer."

"I'm not sure I quite understand what it is you find puzzling about them," Henry said, sipping his tea and feeling queerly at ease for the moment with his companion. "I've worked for them, as you say, a good part of my life, but they've never struck me as—enigmatic, especially. Of course, they're—my own people. But you're quite right that I'm not one of them—I'd have been a musician, if I could," he added.

"There you are," said Greer; "that's something. I suppose music's just a form of engineering, really, only it happens to be one that a man can't make a living by—unless he's a sort of freak. Well, then, you're a musician; I'm an engineer. But what the devil are they? What do they see? What do they think they see? Oh, money, of course, but money's nothing but a way of getting things done. What is it they're trying to get done? If I had Williamson's money I'd do something with it. So would you. I doubt if he even has fun with it. Not as much as I have—on perhaps a twentieth as much. Round and round he goes looking for safe investments for an income that's already five or six times what he can spend—making more work for himself all the time."

"I suppose," Henry put in, "that it's really power he wants rather than money."

The other man snatched the word away from him. "Power! I understand power, or I think I do. Power is what can be used to move something. Well, now, see here! Here's a man who's got a hobby for buying electric storage-batteries and charging them, and he goes on collecting more and more of them and you go to him and say, 'What are you going to do with all this?' and he says, 'Oh, I'm going to run a motor-generator outfit to charge more cells.' Couldn't you take him before a judge and get a conservator appointed on the strength of that? Of course you could. Well, what's the difference? What does Williamson want to run? The city?

"He Married a Cousin of Mine."

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"He Married a Cousin of Mine."

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JOSEPH GREER

Continued from Page 2

110 could, if he liked—Roger Sullivan did. A railroad? A steamship line? An opera company? A harem? I don't care what. But it ought to be something."

He illuminated this statement with a dazzling grin, but went straight on: "Williamson gets a bound report on me and reads it, or, for all I know, hires somebody else to read it for him, and sends me word he'll go in. But in all this time—three months, mind you—has never come out to our laboratory on the West side, where he could have seen the thing done, actually done under actual commercial conditions. He doesn't care about how it's done. Nor, for that matter, what we do. Any damn thing in the world that would show the same profit between raw material and finished product, and the same demand, would interest him just as much—it would be the same thing to him."

"Cellulose fiber is one of the most interesting things in the world. I've been thinking about it, off and on, ever since the first time I found myself in a tropical jungle. And the things you can do by dissolving it, or by mauling and compressing it, or by using it as a binder in plastic substances—there's no end. And we're just at the beginning, back in the Old Testament. But it might be pretty for all Williamson cares—or prunes."

He interrupted himself here to take another drink, and Henry said:

"You're partly right, of course, but he knows more about that process of yours than you think. And he knows he's not a technical man. It may be as cautious as much as back of interest that's kept him away."

Greer caught that instantly over the edge of his up-raised glass. Henry found that glance of his curiously stimulating.

"Anyhow," Henry went on, "he told me himself quite a little about it—about the bug, he called it, that you'd discovered."

"It—!" said Greer, putting down his glass. "I didn't discover any bug. I'm not a bacteriologist. I hired a fellow—a young professor of botany at one of the universities, and told him to discover it. It took him more than a year, and if I hadn't been there to speed him up it might have taken him twenty. They're queer birds, too, these pure scientists, when it comes to that. They don't care what anything's for any more than the bankers care how it works. It isn't till a pan like me comes along and takes ego in one hand and another in the other and cracks their heads together that anything really happens in the world."

The inward glance Henry allowed himself at this must have shown some reflection in his face, perceptible to Greer, for almost instantly, with a shrug and a smile, he went on:

"That sounds like brag to you. Perhaps it is. But we're trying to get acquainted, aren't we? The sooner we do, the better all around; isn't that the idea? Well, then, you may as well know that I think I'm a better man than John Williamson or any of his crowd. I think you are, too, and that you know it. He inherited his money, didn't he?"

"Wasn't old Nick Williamson his father? Well, the old man, I guess, had the goods. But his son—well, he had everything done for him. Turn him out in the woods without a guide and a pack-trail, and I don't believe he could keep alive a month. I don't believe he could have earned his living with his hands and educated himself for a profession at the same time. Well, I did that, and I've done the other. And I could do it again if I had to, though I am fifty years old."

"Fifty?" Henry's surprise was genuine. He'd been thinking of the man as a contemporary.

Greer nodded. "Unless I've lost count," he said.

He paused reflectively over his drink, and gave Henry a chance he had unconsciously been waiting for.

"Of course," he said, "I couldn't keep alive in the woods either, not even as long as John. I could hardly have kept alive, I'm afraid, even in the ordinary ways of civilization if I hadn't been helped. And the person who gave me that help, with a perfectly ungrudging kindness, was John Williamson."

"Well, your game's a different game from his and from mine," Greer said. "You're like some other people I know, writers and painters and such. All you really ask for is a chance to look on. But you can see what I'm driving at, and these fat people couldn't—Oh, they have their good side, I know," he conceded. "That's more than I'd have admitted twenty years ago. I was a good deal of a scoundrel at thirty. I had a bridge that used to keep me awake nights against the gang that was everything brought to them on a platter. I wanted them kicked out, to give better men a chance. But I've got over that. I'm willing they should play their game as long as they'll let me play mine. But—"

His look belied his words. Henry thought. His eyes, smoldering, gazed out across the room. There was food for thought, for John and his friends, perhaps, in the look of them.

Many persons less given to analysis than Henry Craven had speculated during the past half-dozen years about the relation between Joe Greer and Jennie MacArthur. They saw, just as Henry did, that it differed somehow from the accepted standard for important, busy employers and their efficient, infatuated secretaries.

Jennie was competent, and long ago

she had made herself indispensable. But that was only the beginning of it. She took to Joe from the start. What appeared to others as his truly informal temper never worried Jennie a bit. She perceived there was no malice in it.

He could think harder and faster than anybody else, and a long succession of contacts with muddled minds or irresolute wills drove him, every now and then frantic. Her method with him was to let him rave until he got the worst of it out of his system, and then grin at him. She learned the trick of toning down his letters without making them sound tame and colorless, and before she'd worked for him a year, he'd given up dictating altogether.

"You're the only stenographer in the world," he said to her, apropos of



"You're the Only Stenographer in the World," Greer Told Her.

some such performance as this. "Go to the bookkeeper and tell him your salary is fifty dollars a week. Any time you think that isn't enough, say so, but don't you dare leave me on any account. You belong to me, see?" He added, "You're not thinking of going off and getting married, are you?"

When she told him she wasn't, he gave a sort of satisfied grunt which carried with it the implication that she'd better not try.

When he formed his company for the manufacture of airplane parts, he made her secretary of it and fixed her salary at six thousand a year. In every ramification of his business interests he gave her his whole confidence, which was something no one else, she was sure, shared with her, for he was naturally suspicious and reserved.

During the whole seven years, from the day when she'd first gone into his private office to the day of the directors' meeting that Henry Craven attended, she had never considered leaving Joe. She'd spoiled him. She'd endured much. She had occasionally flared up to match the red of her hair and driven some rebuking home truths into him. But, on the whole, she'd enjoyed herself enormously. There was a zest about the whole thing that made it more than a mere job, a sparkle of variety, and a spice, too, of danger.

It was facts, however, rather than

appearances that she had to look out for. As regarded the latter, she could afford a superb indifference. She was a magnificently independent person in that there was no one in the world whose moral disapproval could affect adversely her economic status. She'd gone with Joe on many a business trip to Washington, New York, and elsewhere, and the Grumpy aspect of such an adventure, or of her going to dine alone with him in his flat, never disturbed her in the least. A smile like the one which had so exercised the speculative faculties of Henry Craven at the board meeting was the only tribute that she ever paid to the Moloch of propriety.

CHAPTER II

The Better Half.

Joe invited her to such a dinner one night in May about a month after the directors' meeting, and within a few days of his return from a trip to the Northwest where he'd been engaged in settling the last details and letting the contractors for the construction of their fax factories.

Invitations of this sort weren't so very frequent, and they generally had a real occasion. He had something he wanted to talk with her about, he said. "Oh, it's got nothing to do with any of this," he smiled as he added on leaving her, "I'm going to surprise you, Jennie."

A dinner at Joe's flat, whatever its occasion, deserved to be treated as a party, so she went home a little early from the office—there wasn't so very much to do these days—and dressed in a leisurely and luxurious manner in a satin frock which she had bought, luckily, only the week before. Jennie candidly enjoyed dressing up, and one of her few grievances against the sort of life she led was that it offered so few opportunities for this indulgence.

The dinner was at seven-thirty, and it was still broad daylight when she parked her little coupe in the side street nearest Joe's doorway. In the doorway she found Joe's chauffeur waiting under his employer's orders for her to drive up so that he might take her car into the garage and bring it around again whenever she wanted it.

He was a prepossessing youngster who had taken this job on getting demobilized from the army a few weeks previously. The irregular hours and the touch of variety about it made it, Jennie supposed, less attractive to him than most of the berths open to a man in his position. But he was too good, she thought, for the sort of thing. Taking Joe's actresses on jaunts in the small hours of the morning, and so on; and she made a mental note, as she spoke to him, of a resolution to persuade Joe to find

something better for him to do. His name was George Burns.

She told him her car was all right where it was, and that when she was ready to go she wouldn't mind going out to it alone, so if this was to have been his only duty for the evening he might as well consider himself at liberty. He thanked her, but she guessed from his manner that he didn't intend to act upon her permission. In the same moment she realized, and she blushed a bright pink as it broke over her, that the boy was shocked. That he attributed—it must be that—a sinister interpretation to her visit. Once or twice he'd driven her home from the office when she'd worked late, and they'd got to be quite good friends. Tonight he seemed to see her in a new and rather lurid light.

In the elevator she decided she'd say nothing about the encounter to Joe, at least until she'd cooled down enough to laugh over it. But he, meeting her in the hall as the butler opened the door for her, had it all out of her in two minutes.

"Good Lord, Jennie! What's the matter with you?" he asked at sight of her.

And to her "Well, what is?" he answered. "You look—as if you'd just been kissed by a traveling man."

At that, she laughed and told him. "That's a nice mess," he commented with a grin. "Here, give me your keys. And go and take off your cloak. You know the room, don't you? I'll be back in a minute. No, I don't blame him a bit. It's all your fault."

He had, it struck her, a rather thoughtful air when he joined her a few minutes later in the drawing-room. He stood for a moment a little way off, candidly regarding her before he spoke.

"You wear better-looking clothes than most of the women who have nothing to do but buy them. How do you manage it, Jennie?"

She felt that her new frock was vindicated, for it wasn't often he showed the slightest consciousness of what she wore.

"I happen to be the right size to wear models," she said. "That's the answer. It saves a lot of trouble."

"The right size and the right shape," he amended. "It's more than your clothes that looks good to me."

There was the same quality, oddly reflective for him, about his gesture, for as he finished speaking he came up and took her by both bare arms just above the elbow, gently enough, as if he merely meant to hold her there until the end of his train of thought.

She was perfectly comfortable, in his hands like that, but it struck her—perhaps because of her recent encounter with George Burns—as rather funny that this should be true. They were great, powerful, hairy hands that held her, and the face, so near hers, could take on, easily enough, a feral look. She allowed herself to smile over her own complacency.

With a grunt, he released her and stepped away. "You don't mind me a bit, do you?" he remarked. "And you know me pretty well, too, wouldn't you say?"

"Pretty well—as far as I go," she qualified. "No, I didn't mind. I know you play fair."

"I went to dinner with the Cravens last night," Joe said, over his breast of guinea-fowl. "Henry and his sister, at their flat. So I suppose you've got a right to say that I'm turning respectable," he concluded.

Clearly, he was embarrassed about it, an amazing phenomenon to be seen in Joe. Jennie suppressed an impulse to laugh at him and asked him, with a good appearance of sobriety, if he'd had a good time.

He told her, a little dubiously, that he had; a first-rate time it would have been, except that he didn't quite—get them.

A moment later he laughed again and sat back in his chair.

"Well, that's the funny way life works," he said. "Just as I'm getting ready to settle down and behave myself my wife's lawyer writes me to say she's going to get a divorce."

Jennie stared at him in clear incredulity. When she could think at all, she tried to warn herself that this was one of his jokes, but it wouldn't work. She knew him too well to be deceived. "Your—wife?" she echoed blankly.

"Didn't I tell you you were going to be surprised?" he said.

After a silence of a minute she asked, "How long have you been married, Joe?"

"Oh, twenty years, about. Annabel and I were really married—living together, I mean—about six months. I haven't seen her in nineteen years. She lives out in Pasadena with her father; her mother died a couple of years ago. It wasn't up to me, was it, to tell you the day you came to work for me that I was a married man not living with my wife?"

"Oh, it's been kind of a dirty deal all round. I guess that's why I've wanted to keep it dark. I've done a whole lot worse things," he went on, feeling his way, "and haven't cared a damn who knew 'em. And I never tried to make anybody think I was a plaster angel. But this proposition—well, I never knew my own mind about it. I've always thought I might clean it up some day. Only when I did, I wanted to be in position to do it brown, see, the handsome thing, so there wouldn't be anything left to be said."

"And I give you my word, Jennie, I was getting ready to do it. And then, some days ago, a smart Al-bok of a lawyer writes me that she's going to get a divorce. Of course, it's all right. I let her know, long ago, that she was entitled to get one if she wanted it—on any grounds she chose. As long as she didn't let it lay. Well, there it is—damn it, Jennie, can't you see it at all? You sit there looking like—"

He broke off, perceiving that he'd aroused her.

"Yes, I understand," she said at last. "Go ahead and tell me the

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"And I Give You My Word, Jennie, I Was Getting Ready to Do It."

whole story. What was she like? Where did you meet her?"

Joe turned away thoughtfully to the smoking-table and relighted his cigar.

"Why, Annabel was a Chicago girl," he began presently. "Lived down in Woodlawn with her father and mother—Fanning, their name was. I

haunted with them back in the spring of ninety-nine, just twenty years ago now. I'd just passed my examination for a licensed structural engineer. They were the most respectable people in the world, those Fannings. Poor but genteel—good Lord—so you could hardly breathe! But somehow that sort of thing looked good to me just about then."

She left unbroken for a little while the reflective silence into which he'd fallen, before she prompted him. But presently she got him going again by suggesting that the reason gentility looked good to him just then was Annabel. "What was she like? How old was she? What color was her hair?"

"Lightish," Joe said; "not yellow; there wasn't much color in it. I was fooled on her age, all right. I took it for granted that she was just a kid, barely twenty, if as old as that. When she gave her age at the license bureau up in Milwaukee, where we'd run off to get married, I found she wasn't but five or six years younger than I was—it would have made quite a difference if I'd known that sooner," he added.

Jennie remarked that twenty-five wasn't too old for a girl to marry. But Joe said this wasn't what he meant. She was too old not to be more grown up than she was.

"You see, she'd been having a fight with her father and mother. She wanted to be an artist, a sculptor, and they wouldn't let her. She'd been going down to the Art Institute for quite a while taking lessons in drawing and designing, china-painting. I don't know what—maybe a little modeling. But now it was a question of a life class, and they wouldn't hear of it."

"Well, that interested me in her a whole lot more than I'd been before, and the line her father and mother had taken seemed so damn silly that the next chance I got I tried to put in a word for her. It was a fool thing to do, of course. It got Annabel in wrong, worse than ever, for discussing such a subject with a young man—she, herself, was furious with me at first for not having seen that—and they were already suspicious that I wasn't quite as good as I looked."

"Now, here's a damn funny thing, Jennie. Here's a question I've asked myself a thousand times: Will you tell me why I didn't just pack my trunk at that point and clear out? I was tired of the old people and I wasn't in love with Annabel, not one little bit. I didn't even want her in a temporary sort of way. There were girls growing on every bush that were more attractive, that way, than she

was. But I didn't get out. I went on butting myself farther and farther in. We had a lot of a time. The old folks would hardly speak to me. They sat around and kept watch so that I shouldn't be alone with Annabel. I think the only reason they didn't turn me out of the house was because they figured it was easier to keep us apart as things were, having a line on me, than if they hadn't any idea where I was.

"Well, the upshot of it was that one day, along that summer, we took the dayboat—the old whaleback, it was—to Milwaukee, got a license and a minister to marry us, and spent the night at the Plankinton hotel. Came home on the train the next morning."

"The old folks wouldn't take us in—and it wasn't a bluff either. But I found a furnished flat over in Hyde Park—it was easy enough to do in those days—and we set up housekeeping. I'd suggested a couple of rooms in some family hotel so that she could have more time to herself. But she didn't want that. I was beginning to wonder about that famous career of hers that the whole row had been about. Finally I asked her one day why she didn't go over to the Art Institute and register in the life class. I remember how she looked at that and just what she said. She gave me a stare and then a sort of laugh, doubtful whether I wasn't joking, and she said, 'Why, you silly old thing, what do I want to go there for now?'

"She hadn't any idea what marriage was about, Jennie. Apparently supposed there was nothing to it beyond housekeeping and a little familiarity. And she couldn't stand me—that's the long and the short of it. Lord! but she was conscientious—all three of them were that. And she must have had a talk with her mother that straightened things out a little. The one thing that reconciled her to the relation at all was that it was legal and binding—going to last forever."

"I can't think of a worse mixup than that. Because with me, well, it had been like this. I'd never had anything to do with a woman before—I never have since, for that matter—who wasn't in love with me, crazy about me, for the time being anyhow. So this was wrong all round. Yet she might have made some other sort of man a good wife and been happy with him. But she didn't like me, even in other ways. I think I frightened her without meaning to. The way I talked shocked her. I tried to reform for a while. Good God! I've seen her turn white over a plain 'hell' or a 'damn' or two that I'd used without thinking. I never swore at her—Never swore at you, either, did I?"

"It looked for a while—oh, at the end of three months or so—as if we might make a go of it. She liked our little flat, dusting and sacking the furniture around in new ways, and making fancy desserts and things that she got out of magazines. And, in a way, I liked it, too. I liked the feeling of being anchored to something, having a real address in the telephone book. I liked feeling respectable—and I was, too. Didn't do any bumping around outside."

"And then all of a sudden she got to hating me a whole lot worse. Took to spending most of the time at home with her folks. I tried to put my foot down on that, as long as they wouldn't let me in the house. But it didn't do any good. She went more and more and tried to keep it dark. Well, at last I got the offer of that big job down in Lima. I didn't really need it, because I was getting on first-rate in Chicago, but it looked to me like a good chance for a showdown. So I accepted it, and then I put it up to her. She could come with me or she could quit me, just as she liked. Well, she quit, and I don't know as I blame her. I don't think I wanted to make it too hard on her. I wanted to get the truth, and I got it. And I cleared out."

"I went down to the States until November, and when I started I went as far as Panama with the

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then that I'd go on up the west coast, drop off at San Pedro, and go on up and see her. If I'd made the big strike I'd been playing for down in Chile, and just missed, I would have gone to see her; no doubt about it. I'd have been rich then. Able to make a proposition that I needn't be ashamed of, however she took it—if you see what I mean. But I wasn't rich by a devil of a way. I had just about enough to start myself again decently in Chicago, to come back looking like a successful man. I'm always either just broke or just on the point of making a hell of a big thing. Anyhow, I came up to Chicago by a freight boat to New Orleans instead of going around the long way. And, what with the war and one thing and another, I haven't been in shape to fix things up with her until now. And now, just as I am ready, I find out that she's tying a can to me."

It was funny, Jennie tacitly agreed; funnier than he knew, to see him still nursing a grudge over the inconsistency his wife had shown in not waiting another year on the end of twenty. She asked him if he had any idea why Mrs. Greer was doing it.

"Oh, another man, I suppose," he said.

When she cried out incredulously at that he wanted to know why not. Wasn't it likely enough? "She's only forty-five or thereabouts. Probably doesn't look any older to speak of than she did at thirty." She wouldn't—a woman like Annabel—unless she's got fat. Some well-preserved widower of sixty—there's enough of them like that out in Pasadena, heaven knows—has been making up to her."

He turned upon her with an imploring gleam in his eye.

"Want to bet me a hundred dollars."



"Want to Bet Me a Hundred I'm Not Right," He Asked.

I haven't got it doped out right?" he asked.

"No," she said thoughtfully, "I don't believe I do."

She often made bets with Joe, and not infrequently collected them, too; but never when that gleam in his eye warned her that he was proposing a sure thing. Those hadn't been blind speculations of his about Annabel and her well-preserved widower. Somehow or other he'd managed to inform himself of the facts.

"You aren't going to contest the divorce, are you?"

"Of course not," he grumbled. "What would I contest it for? Oh, I haven't been putting detectives on her. If that's what you are getting at. Only, if you don't want to be walked on in a case like that, it's just as well to have something to bargain with. I had Nathan get in touch with a lawyer, a perfectly respectable chap, out in Pasadena, and asked him to look up the main facts, just so I'd know where I stood. There is a widower, all right, a retired Chaumunna lecturer with a weak throat. He's got a little lemon grove just outside Pasadena."

He got up with a spring, chuckled the butt of his cigar into the fireplace, and flexed his arms. "Well, he's welcome to him, as long as she doesn't try to get rough with me."

"You mean if Annabel doesn't try to gouge you for too much alimony?" Jennie asked.

"No," he said, "I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of the grounds for divorce she puts in her bill. I'll look bad enough at the best, but I won't be made to look any worse than necessary."

Why in the world, Jennie wondered, should he care how he looked. It was plain that he did care tremendously. Then came the real idea, the luminous surmise.

"Joe," she asked him suddenly, "did Annabel have a baby?"

"I should think you might have seen that long ago," he grumbled.

"A boy or a girl?" she asked, when her mind had got into its stride again.

"Say! If it had been a boy," said Joe, "I'd have gone back. I'd never have left a son of mine to be brought up by Fannings. Being a girl, it seemed to belong to them more. But at that I almost went back, as I told you."

Jennie roused herself at the end of a long reflective silence to remark that the child must, by now, be pretty near grown up.

(To be continued)

CASTORIA

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The Mercury.
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
Telephone 131
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Saturday, December 1, 1923

The western railroads are showing a large increase in earnings over previous years. The Southern Pacific, it is claimed will show net earnings this year of more than double the dividend requirements. It is a pity some of that good cheer could not be meted out to the stockholder of some of our poor old Eastern roads.

Secretary Mellon's tax reducing scheme meets the approval of the taxpayer everywhere. It is high time some of the excess burden the taxpayer has been carrying for all these years since the World War commenced should be lifted from his shoulders. Congress should take heed and be a little more economical with the people's money.

Magnus Johnson, the new senator from Minnesota, says he is willing to work. It is not so much the work a man in politics does as it is the right kind of work that is needed. The Farm-Laborite from Minnesota was reported calling on Senator Lodge last week. If he will follow the advice of the Massachusetts Senator he will not go far wrong.

"Democrats may assist in putting Mellon's Tax Cut plan into effect," says a newspaper headline. The great army of taxpayers, who have carried this tax burden till their shoulders are weary, don't care who assists as long as the thing is accomplished. The plan of Secretary Mellon looks good and is good. There is absolutely no reason why it cannot be adopted without any unnecessary delay.

There never yet has been a President of the United States chosen south of Tennessee, and yet Senator Underwood, who lives way down South in Alabama, is going to try, what has heretofore been impossible, to win a nomination for the territory called "The great White House desert." He may get the Democratic nomination, even that is doubtful, but the election is another thing.

"The American people have more than \$30,000,000,000 in the bank. And the strangest thing about it is that if they drew the money all out and spent it for Christmas, by New Year's Day it would be back in the banks again."

Says an Exchange. All of which may be true, but in the first instance it would be in the name of the individual, in the next it would be in the name of the party that sold the Christmas goods.

It cost \$50,000,000 to govern the city of Boston last year, which is double what it was in 1915. A Boston paper says "City costs soar like sky rockets." Boston is not alone in soaring prices. Newport can come in on this soaring scheme. An examination of the city's tax records for the past ten years, or since the mongrel charter has been working, will show a record of increase in expenses that will not take second place to Boston, and the end is not yet.

A few weeks since we gave a Virginia mountaineer's prognostications of a severe winter and his reasons therefor. Now comes a prophet who knows just as much about the weather as does the Virginian, and tells us that we are to have a mild and open winter. His reason for his prediction is the fact that a flock of wild geese were seen flying north a few days ago, which usually go in the opposite direction. It is possible that the aforesaid ducks got bewildered by the large amount of illicit booze there is said to be off our coast.

The best cartoon we have seen in many a day appeared in the Literary Digest for November 24. It represents a lean and lank looking dog labelled Taxpayer behind him and tied to his tail is a long row of tin cans, labelled Income Tax, Property Tax, Tax on Homes, Luxury Tax, Auto Tax, School Tax, Phone Tax, Water Tax, Road Tax, Gasoline Tax, State Tax, City Tax, Dog Tax, and a couple of "Legislator boys" standing behind asking "What else can we tie to his tail?" The tax paying dog is represented as saying: "It's a dog's life, I'll tell the world."

"He will run." "He won't run." "He will run as a Democrat or a Republican," or as a prohibitionist, or as an independent generally. Such are the numerous reports that keep coming to the front in regard to the great liver maker. The latest is that Henry Ford will consent to be a Presidential candidate if he can have the nomination tendered him without a platform. His friends are going to get together on the 12th inst., and see if they cannot start something. We doubt very much if Ford himself knows which party he belongs to or cares which party, or if any party nominates him.

MUCH POLITICS AHEAD

In a little more than eleven months from this date the next Presidential election will be held. The fight for nomination of candidates is already on and bids fair to be one of the hottest fights for a long period in both parties. After the nominations are made, the fight for election will be carried on with great vigor from Maine to California. All things point to lively political times in the next few months. The fight for nomination of candidates has begun with vigor unusually early. In the Democratic camp the two leading and avowed candidates are McAdoo, ex-President Wilson's son-in-law, and Senator Underwood of Alabama, with numerous others with their heads over the political fence ready to jump over when there is a gap. For the Democratic nomination it would appear to be anybody's fight at present. The great commoner and perpetual candidate, Bryan, will doubtless have to be reckoned with before the campaign for nominations is over. In the Republican camp President Coolidge will be the candidate, and thus far there is only one avowed candidate against him, but there are others with Presidential bees buzzing in their bonnets, who will show themselves if the political sky looks anyway favorable. The fight for the present is on between the East and the West. Johnson, the California candidate, thinks he can carry the Pacific coast and Coolidge knows he can carry New England. The question is where the two lines will meet on their wave across the continent. At present writing it looks very much as though they would converge very near the western coast. It does not look as though Johnsonism would travel very far East. At present he does not look like a dangerous opponent. As in the Democratic camp, there are others waiting to jump into the pool if the waters should appear right for a good Presidential swim. On the whole, the next national campaign looks like an interesting one from now on to the fourth of next November.

In addition to the election of President and Vice President, an entire National house of representatives is to be chosen, and one-third of the senate. This will add much to the political interest in all the states. The struggle to control the next Congress will be a red hot one. The two parties in the Congress just coming in are so nearly equal as to make the chances of doing much real business for the benefit of the country very slim. The struggle will be to avoid such a condition next time. Many other things may enter into the next fall's campaign not now apparent.

Besides the national elections, some thirty of the states hold elections of their own in the next November and choose governors and state legislatures, with numerous municipal elections to aid in making things political the ranking interest distributor in the coming months of 1924.

The average voter will find he has quite a job on his hands to discriminate carefully between all the candidates and propositions he will be called upon to express a choice on that day. Take it in Newport, for instance; there will be a mayor, board of aldermen, school committee, and one-third of 195 representative council to choose; then a senator and five representatives to elect, a governor, lieutenant governor, secretary of state, attorney general, and general treasurer to be voted for. Add to this a U. S. Senator, three Congressmen, besides casting their vote for Presidential electors which will choose the President, and we have some idea of the work before the ordinary elector on the Fourth day of next November.

"The whole world will starve in 1980," says a Harvard professor. Well, that is some time off, and most of us will not need to worry. His reason for this prediction is that there will be so many people in the world by that time that the farmers will not be able to raise food enough to feed them, and that the world cannot produce the necessary food. Such a prediction as that seems to ordinary mortals to be utterly absurd. With the many millions on millions of acres of land not yet put under cultivation even in this country the world at large ought to furnish land enough to feed a hundred times its present number of inhabitants. The population of the United States in 1980 he places at two hundred millions, which is not a bad estimate. Our western farmers would be very happy to furnish food for that number provided the remuneration was ample, and would not think he was overworked at that. We would not advise anyone at present to lie awake nights for fear old earth would go on a strike in 1980.

They have a woman in St. Louis who has had fourteen husbands and now she is looking for the fifteenth. She commenced getting husbands when she was fourteen years old, now she is 43. She thinks the marrying age will not be passed until she is 70.

A jury of women in Philadelphia a few days ago assessed the value of a woman's life at \$7,000. Rather a low figure we should say, but then, the women ought to know.

THEN AND NOW

The Old Farmer's Almanac for 1924 contains the following, which seems to be a good summing up of the labor and farming situation today:

Before the war the bricklayer received about \$5 a day for his labor. To get the same amount of money the farmer had to grow and market about five bushels of wheat. Today some bricklayers get as high as \$15 a day and the farmer has to grow and market about fifteen bushels of wheat to secure the same income. Relatively to the wheat farmer, the bricklayer is three times as well off and the wheat farmer only one-third as well off as he was ten years ago. A similar comparison could be made between other farm crops and other kinds of laborers. To a marked degree the farmer has lost and the laboring man has gained economically during the past decade.

The main reasons for this situation are: First, the high prices paid for labor during the war period and the persistent demand for construction work since that period. Second, the various groups of laborers are so organized that they can control their market. Third, the trades unions have created an artificial demand for their services by limiting the number of apprentices, forcing shorter hours, and decreasing their output. The farmers, who are business men as well as wage earners, are unable to combine to limit production partly because they are not organized and partly because they like to grow bumper crops regardless of their selling price.

GENERAL CHARLES W. ABBOT

Brigadier General Charles W. Abbot, for many years connected with the Rhode Island Militia, and a man well known in Newport as well as throughout the state, died at his home in Warren on Thursday after a long period of ill health. General Abbot commanded the First Rhode Island Regiment in the Spanish war, one company of this organization being made up of Newporters. General Barker and General Bliss of Newport served as regimental officers and were warm personal friends of General Abbot.

General Abbot had served for a number of years in the regular army, and had taken part in several Indian campaigns. After retirement, he devoted a large part of his time to the re-organization of the Rhode Island militia and served for a number of years as Adjutant General of the state. The present high efficiency of the State organization is largely due to the work that he accomplished in years gone by.

Federal officers, assisted by Inspector Palmer of the Newport police force, made a raid on a Chinese laundry in this city on Tuesday and seized a quantity of opium, together with apparatus for using the same. Two Chinese were arrested and taken to the Police Station pending their arraignment before the United States Commissioner in Providence on charges of violating the Federal narcotics law. This is the first time for a considerable period that such a raid has been pulled off in Newport.

"The great majority of fires in the country are caused by careless smokers," so says the Underwriters Bureau of New England. Fires are also on the increase. The loss by fire the past year in New England is put at \$7,460,337, which is the biggest loss in 20 years. The Bureau tabulates the causes as follows: smoking 127, electricity 104, boilers 63, spontaneous combustion 61, gasoline 31, and the rest from numerous causes.

There were snow storms all over northern New England and northern New York and much of Canada last Sunday and early Monday. In many places it was from six inches to a foot deep. Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut got a forcible reminder of old winter. The old fellow passed over Rhode Island without even stopping to say "How do you do?"

"That fossil Californian who had a mouth seven inches wide seems to have lived about 10,000 years too soon. He would have made a wonderful radio announcer. Or better still a political shouter."

Weekly Calendar DECEMBER 1923

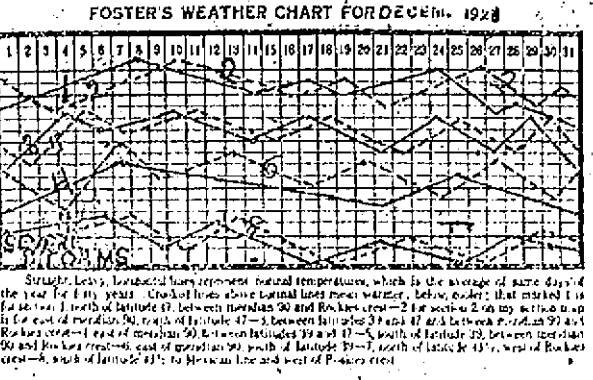
	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
1 Sun	6 31	1 13	10 27	1 07	1 20	1 30	
2 Mon	6 34	1 16	10 30	1 10	1 23	1 33	
3 Tues	6 37	1 19	10 33	1 13	1 26	1 36	
4 Wed	6 40	1 22	10 36	1 16	1 29	1 39	
5 Thurs	6 43	1 25	10 39	1 19	1 32	1 42	
6 Fri	6 46	1 28	10 42	1 22	1 35	1 45	

Last quarter, December 1st, 5.31 morning
New moon, December 7th, 5.31 evening
1st quarter, December 14th, 5.31 evening
Full moon, December 23d, 2.34 morning
Last quarter, December 31st, 4.03 evening

Deaths.

In this city, 23d ult., Thomas J. husband of Annie Winters.
In this city, 23d ult., Emily M., widow of Willard Eldridge, in her 75th year.
On Saturday, Nov. 24th, Maude Antonia, wife of Walker Bressan Smith, and daughter of the late Francis Robert and Matilda Antonia Rivers.
On 21st ult., at the home of Charles A. Jones, Grand avenue, Esther Jane Phillips.
In this city, 26th ult., Mary Doyle, widow of Patrick P. Connehey.
In this city, 25th ult., Samuel Speers, aged 70 years.
In this city, 27th ult., Frederick L. Massey, in his 53th year.
In this city, Nov. 29th, Arthur Edward, son of Charles E. and Annie Edith, aged 22 years.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN



Washington, December 1, 1923.—November was crowded with periods of severe storms, favorable to excessive rains and snows, but the severe storms constitute only one-half the causes that bring excessive precipitation. The other half comes from evaporation of sea water. When one of these causes is missing precipitation is short; consequently the North American continent, as an average, got much less moisture in November than usual. Another very strong cause of excessive moisture is when the evaporation is on the neighboring oceans. That was lacking for November. Evaporation on land is very strong against sufficient moisture.

How about December? Evaporation will be on the land; a great scarcity of evaporation on the nearby oceans, a shortage of severe storms, all promise a large shortage of moisture for December. Most severe storms and most moisture are indicated for the week centering on December 3. But evaporation on land and none on the neighboring oceans stands out as a signal that, for December, dry weather will prevail on the continent. More moisture is expected on east half than on west half of continent during December.

Eighteen months ago I published that hog cholera epidemics would recur November, 1922; December, 1923; January, 1924; February, 1924; March, 1924. Those epidemics began, lightly, in November, 1922 and are now in operation for 1923.

First week in December promises the only severe storm period of the month. Not much moisture expected. Generally colder than usual will prevail near December 3 with storms not far away. After first week in December rather unimportant mild and quiet weather is expected and large dry spots will develop. After first week in December the great drought is expected to develop on west half of the continent with spots of dry on east half. I am expecting an unusually small amount of moisture on west half of continent from December 1 to April 15. During that four and a half months the severe storms will be unusually scarce. Where crops largely depend on deep snows will very much need irrigation for next summer's crops.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Whist and Dance a Big Success
The whist and dance for the benefit of the Hot School Lunch Campaign, held in the Mohegan Hall last Monday evening, was decidedly a success. The Bazaar in the afternoon was also exceedingly well patronized.

High School Re-opens
The Island High School pupils, after enjoying a forced vacation of three weeks due to the fire which destroyed the old town hall, resumed their studies on Monday morning in their new temporary quarters in the Masonic building on High street.

Capt. Richard Olsen supplied as steward on the Str. May Archer several days the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Barrows announce the arrival of a son, Silas Littlefield Barrows, on Wednesday, November 28th.

The ladies of the First Baptist Church will hold their semi-annual sale in the Chapel on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 4th, at 2 p. m.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 2d, Rev. A. Hesford at the Center Church will preach on "The Duty of Pew to Pulpit." In the evening there will be a special song service and Dr. Hesford's subject will be entitled "On the Rocks." Beginning with this service and continuing through the winter months the Sunday evening services

NOT ALL THE VETERANS OR THE WORLD WAR IN FAVOR OF THE BONUS

The session of the American Legion, lately held at San Francisco, did not show itself in favor of the Bonus law. It is now so earnestly advocated by many of the noisy politicians. On the other hand, the meeting was characterized by a vigorous attack on the proposed army bonus law as not really representative of Legion sentiment, and the formation of another unit of the "Ex-Servicemen's Anti-Bonus League," said to be operating now in 26 states. Lieutenant William C. Van Antwerp of San Francisco, a member of the Legion's advisory council and an officer of the Anti-Bonus League, explained:

"For the disabled, everything; for the able-bodied, nothing! That is our slogan. We are opposed to the granting of any form of bonus to able-bodied ex-service men on the ground that to serve a country in time of war is a privilege as well as a duty, and to seek a material reward therefor is an act repugnant to the spirit of true patriotism and a violation of the fundamental principles of American citizenship."

"The group of ex-service men who have repeatedly and persistently represented to Congress and the public that the veterans of the country are united in their demand for a bonus are by no means stating the facts. At no time since the bonus matter came up has any evidence of any nature ever been presented to Congress showing that the majority of veterans favor such legislation."

The new parish house for Trinity parish has so far neared completion that there is no longer any doubt but that work can be carried on in the interior during the winter months. The roof is now on, and the building is well protected from the weather. The new building will undoubtedly be a very valuable addition to the work of the parish.

Work is progressing rapidly on the addition to the Newport Hospital, and has now reached a point where there is little fear of cessation of labor during the winter months.

The condition of Chief of Police John S. Tobin is reported as very materially improved and he is now able to see his friends daily.

Mr. Joseph S. Milne has arrived in Miami, Florida, where he will manage the Casino during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Hess spent Thanksgiving with the latter's parents in Hartford.

The Difference.
A mountain farmer near Benfont West, Cape Colony, wanted a telephone. The authorities said a connection would cost him £500. So he told the line himself. It was inspected and passed—and he has saved £150.

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS
have helped materially to Build up our Business. Strict adherence to fair-dealing methods is one of our fundamental principles.
WE SPECIALIZE
in the BETTER GRADE Brands of Groceries and Sundries and maintain an exceptionally Large Assortment for you to choose from.
OUR MEATS are all Government Inspected and are Shipped Direct from the PACKER to US. This Service assures you of Highest Quality and Strictly Fresh Products at all times.
The DISCRIMINATING PUBLIC who demand QUALITY and the BEST-THE-MARKET-PROVIDES are numbered among our REGULAR PATRONS.
For Quality Products, Our Prices are The LOWEST IN TOWN
BLOCK ISLAND PUBLIC MARKET
(Established over 40 years and Growing Every Day)
Our DRUG DEPARTMENT is at Your Service Night and Day

The Glenwood Furnace is Just as Good for Heating
As the famous Glenwood range is for baking. The same skilled workmen make it in the same great foundry.
Examination will quickly convince you that the Glenwood is the most substantial and conveniently arranged furnace you ever saw.
Write for Handsome Booklet of the Glenwood Furnace To
WEIR STOVE COMPANY, TAUNTON, MASS.
BUY IT FROM
John Rose & Co., Main St., Block Island

SIGNORA GALDERARA

Italian Attache's Wife
An Enthusiastic Aviatix



Signora Galderara, wife of the newly appointed air attache of the Italian embassy in Washington, is the only daughter of the widowed Countess Gamba Chisselli. She is an enthusiastic flyer, having been the first woman to fly in Italy.

SWIFT & CO. BAR
FEDERAL AUDITORS

Head of Packing Firm Rejects
Secretary Wallace's Demand
as Unconstitutional.

Chicago.—Swift & Co., packers, will decline to "permit the Department of Agriculture to place auditors permanently in their offices with power to examine at all times their books, papers and other documents," according to a statement issued by L. F. Swift, president of the company.

The Swift Company, Wilson & Co.'s and the Cudahy Packing Company were directed by Secretary Wallace to make their records available to Government auditors immediately. No statements were forthcoming from the other two companies, but reports indicate that they would support Swift & Co.'s stand.

Representatives of all three indicated their belief that Secretary Wallace's order involves an "invasion of constitutional rights."

"We claim on behalf of our 45,000 stockholders," said Mr. Swift in his formal statement, "the right which the Constitution guarantees to all citizens of being permitted (in the absence of specific charges) to conduct our business peacefully without interference from government agents."

"If the Government has power to maintain accountants in our office, as it claims, it also would have the power to establish such accountants permanently in all business offices in the country, a situation which we believe unthinkable."

"The proposed inquiry is not founded upon any complaint or charge of any violation of law, but is for the purpose of obtaining complete detailed information as to all business of the company."

WORLD'S NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

PHILADELPHIA.—Deaths from imported here increase.

ROME.—Premier Mussolini has addressed a note to Premier Polcare of France demanding Italy's direct participation in negotiations between the French authorities and German industrialists in the Ruhr.

PARIS.—The Matin states that the Reparations Commission may cease to function shortly, due to lack of funds.

LONDON.—Finance in London, hesitant on eve of elections, blame sterling's recent slump on inflation and fundamental weakness caused by repayment of debt to United States.

BALTIMORE.—A project to utilize fox power the Youghiogheny river waters in Garrett county, Md., has been outlined to the Maryland Public Service Commission. The power service would be sold to the Penn Public Service Company.

DUBLIN.—Minister of Home Affairs Kevin O'Higgins of the Irish Free State declared in the Dail that it is his belief that the recent murders of Jews in Ireland were "private vengeance rather than sectarian crime."

CHICAGO.—Pullman Company denied reports that its car shops are building a private car for Henry Ford.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Appellate Division's ruling against New York Central on special franchise taxes will save State more than \$10,000,000, it is estimated.

OMAHA, Neb.—Delegates to the annual convention of the Farmers' Union asked in a resolution that the tariff on wheat be increased to 50 cents a bushel.

PARIS.—Mabelle Gilman Corey, whose romance with the former United States Steel millionaire, William Ellis Corey, was a sensation fifteen years ago, won a divorce in the Seine Tribunal, charging desertion.

Industrial employment conditions in Massachusetts and New England showed a slight downward trend during October, according to the report of the department of labor, due principally to the temporary closing of many of the larger textile mills throughout the district.

STRESEMAN OUT;
PEACE IN RUHR

Demand for Unequivocal Confidence Defeats Chancellor Who Warns Monarchist Putsch.

NEW COALITION IS SOUGHT

Reds, Socialists and Nationalists Put Under Ban for Inciting Revolt. Stresemann Calls Vote of Confidence—Beaten 155 to 230.

Berlin.—Chancellor Stresemann is out. The vote of confidence in his Government was defeated in the Reichstag by 230 to 155.

Only a portion of his own People's Party voted to keep him in power. Stresemann's Cabinet has resigned and with the defeat of the Chancellor goes the program of thrusting the Rhineland and Ruhr down Premier Poincare's throat and refusing to pay further reparation.

"Thank God," Stresemann said as he left the Reichstag, "at least the agreement between the Ruhr industrialists and the French has been signed, if my information is correct. A reactionary putsch is not impossible at this moment."

"I am going to President Ebert to beseech him to reconstruct the Government so that Germany may not be without constituted rule in these difficult days. I hope to return to Parliamentary life and serve the Fatherland again. But I beg my fellow Ministers and the newspapers to keep sharp watch for a monarchist putsch that seems so likely."

"One needs to be an athlete to be Chancellor," Stresemann concluded as he drew himself up, smiling. For three days he had sat through the tedious sessions of the Reichstag before he was ousted.

As soon as the defeated Chancellor had left the Reichstag the Communist Froelich moved that Ludendorff and Hitler be declared traitors. The Socialists quickly assented and to the surprise of everybody, Baroness Katherine von Oheimb, Germany's biggest woman industrialist, voted with them.

The whole People's Party, to which she belongs, jumped up, trying to persuade her to change her vote, but she stuck to it. There were cheers for the Baroness from the Socialists and jeers from the galleries, which were jammed, with big industrialists.

The motion was lost by 193 to 168 votes.

Police, armed with rifles, surrounded the Reichstag because of rumors of a putsch. Following Stresemann's warning, it was feared that Bavaria might declare for a monarchy, but a telephone call to Munich reveals all is calm there.

The Communists, the National Socialists and the Deutsche Voelkische Party were dissolved by order of General von Seeckt. A separate decree was issued for the dissolution of each by the National military commander, who explained all three were plotting against the State. Von Seeckt's action cuts off both wings of the Reichstag. The calm way in which the dictatorial power reached into the Reichstag itself gave a nervous feeling to the very Republicans in the name of whom the decrees were issued. Vorwaerts, speaking for Social Democrats who are more Democratic than Socialistic, deprecates the handing of political power to the Reichswehr, saying, "It has no doubt the decree will be carried out against the Communists, but doubts whether it is possible to carry out an order to disband the illegal monarchist organizations."

"The Communists had \$11,000,000 with which to buy arms for an uprising in Saxony and Thuringia," Minister of Defense Gessler declared in the Reichstag during the bitter debate that followed von Seeckt's order for the Communists to disband. Gessler inferred the funds came from Russia.

RAILWAY VALUATION

Wilkes-Barre Connecting Railroad Figure Set at \$1,488,089.

Washington.—The property of the Wilkes-Barre Connecting Railroad Co. was valued at \$1,488,089 as of June 30, 1915, in a tentative valuation report made public. The order had outstanding on date of valuation \$100,000 of capital stock and \$2,269,657 of non-negotiable debt. It operates between Buttonwood and Hudson, Pa., and is controlled by the Pennsylvania and Delaware & Hudson.

COOLIDGE MESSAGE SHORT

President to Merely Make Recommendations to Congress.

Washington.—President Coolidge is reserving to himself the right to discuss all subjects in his message to Congress ten days hence. It was asserted in his behalf at the White House.

The President, it was explained, is trying to make his message as short as possible, presenting merely recommendations rather than any long arguments in favor of his views.

Robert S. Burns, limoneth-old infant of Atty. and Mrs. John S. Burns of Andover, Mass., died by strangulation when the strings of his bonnet got caught in his play pen. A few minutes before discovering the baby helpless in a corner the nursemaid had looked from a window and saw him at play.

LIEUT. GOV. TRAPP

Made Acting Governor
By Walton's Impeachment



Lieut. Gov. Trapp of the state of Oklahoma, who became acting governor when Governor Walton was impeached by the state legislature.

REVOKES LICENSES
OF FIFTY DOCTORS

Connecticut Health Board Ousts
"Graduates" of St. Louis
Diploma Mill.

Hartford, Conn.—On recommendation of the extraordinary grand jury which is investigating medical diploma frauds, the State Health Department revoked the licenses of all Connecticut physicians claiming graduation from the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons. They number about fifty, and one of them, Dr. George M. Sutcliffe, formerly of Unionville, is being sought on a charge of manslaughter because of the death of Albert C. Hoody from an overdose of ether.

Dr. James W. Cotliner, a graduate of the Kansas City School of Medicine and Surgery, was removed as school physician at Stratford on order of the town's board of education. Dr. George Sutcliffe in his confession to Governor Tompkins three weeks ago said Cotliner called on him while he was in Ray, Col., in 1920, and sold him for \$100 a Connecticut medical license later sent by mail. It was on this license that Sutcliffe practiced for a year.

Connecticut officers failed to find Sutcliffe in Albany, N. Y., where he had been reported visiting friends, and County Detective Edward J. Hickory was said to be investigating Albany information that Sutcliffe had escaped to Canada.

The authorities here sent to New York District Attorney's office records of charges made by William P. Sachs, former Missouri superintendent of schools, with corroborating affidavits, regarding the New York agents of the national fake diploma ring. Sachs will testify here when the grand jury reconvenes.

The New York information stated the belief that out of 100,000 chiropractors in New York City about 30,000 by the use of cheap electric machines are causing cancer "because electricity and the X-ray are most dangerous unless properly controlled and administered."

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

Methodist Board of Public Morals takes up cudgels in behalf of 12-mile liquor treaty.

President Coolidge gets vigorous protest against changing alien quota basis from 1910 to 1890 census.

La Follette camp fears leader may lose out as in 1912.

Lack of courageous leadership in both parties of Congress may defeat the Mellon tax reduction plan.

Declination of President Coolidge to extend coastwise laws to Philippines expected to give impetus to demand for legislation providing aid to Merchant Marine.

The Department of Justice has for some time been considering evidence relating to the Veterans' Bureau, with a view to possible criminal prosecutions, it became known. Representative Graham (Rep., Ill.), after conference with the President, says he will fight to a finish for election as majority leader of the house.

Investigation of the Shipping Board while it was headed by Albert D. Lasker of Chicago will be demanded in a resolution to be introduced by Representative Edwin Davis, Tennessee, Davis announced.

Democrats plan own tax reduction measure.

Coolidge takes hand in fight of party factions in House.

New anti-aircraft guns, most powerful in the world, developed by Coast Artillery Corps.

Coolidge to oppose flatly bonus and back Mellon's tax plan.

Daughters of Confederacy stage demonstration of affection at Wilson home. Ex-President formally expresses thanks. Senators Shipstead and Magnus Johnson undecided whether to join in Republican caucus.

FRENCH AT GOAL
IN RHINELAND

British Correspondent Declares
Whole Territory Is Being De-
tached From Germany.

LOYAL GERMANS GIVING IN

Program to Create Several Small
States Under French Suzerainty
Said to Be Favored at Paris.
Maintain Neutrality Pretense.

London.—The London Times publishes the following dispatch from its correspondent at Cologne:

It is becoming more and more apparent that French plans for the virtual separation of the Rhineland from Germany are succeeding admirably. The French have been able in many ways to make conditions so intolerable that representatives and delegations from all parts of the country are beginning to flock to M. Tirard, the French High Commissioner, at Coblenz, to ask what they can do to escape from them. Practically everywhere outside the British zone higher officials have been expelled, so that there is no regular administration and the country is at the mercy of a set of crooks, cranks and fatbirds, who exploit it for their own profit in the name of an independent Rhineland republic much in the same way as the Bolsheviks exploited Russia in the name of the proletariat. They have issued trams of paper money without any backing, so that the financial chaos is far worse than it ever has been in unoccupied Germany. They rob and requisition with impunity, they terrorize all persons of any position who try to stand up against them.

The French maintain a pretense of neutrality but actually give the Separatists a free hand to commit any violence or illegality they like. They make it quite clear to loyal Germans that they can escape at any time from their present plight by throwing over the Reich. The Mayor of a town in the Palatinate recently sought the protection of the local French officer as the Separatists were threatening his life. The Frenchman told him: "You must decide one way or the other. I will guarantee your safety for a fortnight. If by then you have not made up your mind, I will not be responsible if they hang you."

The most loyal German cannot be expected to stand this sort of pressure if he sees any other way out.

Few details have reached the world of what has been going on in the southern part of the Rhineland during the last few weeks, but things there appear to be near the breaking point. The inhabitants are cowed and are on verge of accepting any terms the French will give them. A few days ago the Mayor of Trier, during a meeting of the Town Council, remarked: "After all, gentlemen, one can remain a good German even outside the Reich." A year ago sentiments like these would have been considered rank treason. This time they had the general approval of the audience.

The Germans are beginning to be able to form an idea of what the French want to do with the Rhineland. It is to be a State kept under French suzerainty through the troops of occupation, and with only the slenderest of ties to keep up the pretense that it has not been torn away from Germany. For instance, the French will not admit that the Rhineland should send Deputies to the Reichstag, though it may have its representatives in the Council of the Reich.

These representatives being appointed by the Rhineland Government, which would be kept in leading strings from Paris, would be practically French nominees. There would be customs frontier to separate the Rhineland from Germany, and railways at present run by the Regie would be formed into a limited company in which most of the capital would be French. By way of concessions, the Rhineland would have its own diplomatic representatives to the capitals of the occupying powers and garrisons would be reduced to skeleton strength.

In the neighboring town of Rott-hausen three more were killed and about twenty injured. The German police were supported by the French.

Thomas W. Lawson, Boston's once picturesque broker and financier, now seriously ill in Maine, through his trustees, for a sum slightly in excess of \$100,000, disposed of his Dreamworld estate at Egypt, Mass., once valued by him at \$2,500,000.

ECZEMA IN RASH
ON CHILD'S CHIN

And Throat. Turned To
Sore Eruptions, Itched and
Burned. Cuticura Healed.

"When my little girl was two years old eczema broke out on her throat and chin in a rash which later turned to sore eruptions. It itched and burned and at night I had to tie cloth over her hands to keep her from scratching."

"The trouble lasted about five months. We began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and she was healed after using four cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. I. J. Marshall, 280 Second St., Albany, N. Y.

Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes. People Reach Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Lab., Dept. 5, P. O. Box 486, Boston, Mass." Send 2c. for Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura Soap shaves without worry.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

INTEREST 4 1-2 PER CENT PER ANNUM

Deposit on or before Saturday,
October 20th, 1923, to earn a
dividend due in January 1924.

OPEN YOUR ACCOUNT

—even though a small amount—in our Savings
Department, which pays 4% interest.

Small sums soon become large ones.

We have a pass-book ready for you—call for it.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month,
draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY).

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KUSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders
Promptly
Attended

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY
TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods
Are Fresh
Assured

PARAGRAPHS FOR
THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest
From the Six States

Using a revolver which he had hidden in his wooden leg, William B. Lathrop, Spanish war veteran, committed suicide at the police station, Rockland, Me. Lathrop was awaiting examination as to his sanity.

Student registration at Yale indicates an increase of more than 500 over 1922, the total being 4582. The largest gain is in graduate school and of the 1023 students there 440 candidates for degrees of certificates, an increase of 58 over last year.

United States Dist. Atty. Ames will invoke the "padlock" law to close places selling liquor in Vermont. Buildings used for unlawful purposes, in connection with the sale or possession of liquor will be vacated by court order for one year. Mr. Ames has given further assurance of vigorous action along directions which cannot yet be made public.

Fall plowing as a method of combating the corn borer has been found to destroy from 95 to 100 per cent of these pests. Maine is destined to take an important place in the production of peas for canning, something that has been done heretofore in but a small way, according to W. G. Hutton, industrial agent of the Maine Central railroad. The labor cost of such a production is less than that of any other crop of Maine.

Proof that the country has not entirely lost its thirst is given in a report by Commissioner Haynes, showing the number of prescriptions issued and number of gallons of alcoholic beverages consumed throughout the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30. In Massachusetts the physicians filled 663,680 prescriptions, which called for 179 gallons of alcohol, 174,856 gallons of whiskey, 2840 gallons of brandy, 1615 gallons of gin, 447 gallons of rum and 4923 gallons of wine. Massachusetts consumed twice as much rum as all the other states put together.

State's Atty. Arthur V. D. Piper and Sheriff Frank L. Wellman have been advised that the appropriations of the last session of the Legislature to provide for the expenses of inquests made by the state's attorney and the ordinary running expenses of the sheriff's department, including the county jails, have been exhausted. The letters were sent out by Benjamin Gates of Montpelier, state auditor of accounts, and were sent to the 14 state's attorneys and the 14 sheriffs in the state. As a result of this condition, no funds are available for expenses until the end of the present fiscal year, June 30, 1924, unless Gov. Proctor is able to make some provision for relieving the situation.

An unprecedented sentence of 24 months and \$1000 in fines for liquor violations was given Andrew C. Hood of Charlestown Mass., in the superior criminal court. Judge King of Brockton imposed sentence following Hood's conviction in five liquor cases. In one of the cases, Asst. Dist. Atty. Henry P. Fielding introduced evidence that a 11-year-old youth had come from church on Sunday to sell liquor for Hood in the latter's kitchen while Hood remained on his piazza as a police spotter.

WINS \$100,000 SUIT

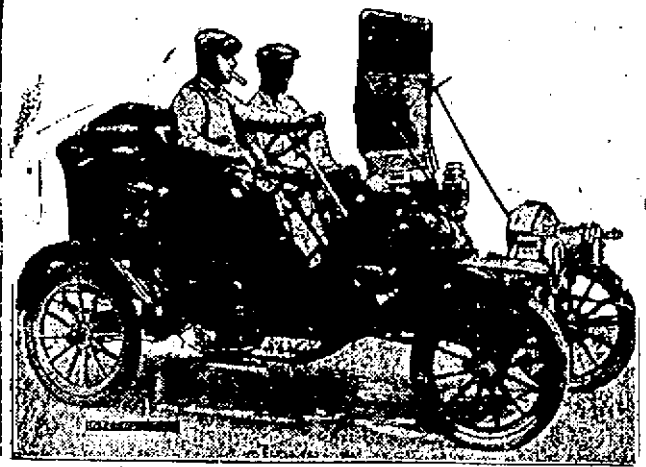
Motorman Recovers Record Damages After Brief Trial.

New York.—What was said to have been the largest verdict of its kind ever returned in New York was won in the Bronx Supreme Court by Charles R. Olson, twenty-five years old, 763 Fox street, the Bronx, a motorman, who was brought to court in an ambulance and carried into the courtroom on a stretcher. He was motorman of a trolley car that on Nov. 27, 1922, was struck by a truck.

"BUS QUEEN" WINS LICENSE

Iowa Railroad Commission Gives Operation Rights to Helen Schultz. Des Moines, Ia.—The Iowa Board of Railroad Commissioners granted to the Red Ball Transportation Company of Mason City, owned and operated by Miss Helen Schultz, "bus queen," permission to operate permanently bus routes from Mason City to Des Moines and from Mason City to the Iowa-Minnesota line, on the way to St. Paul and Minneapolis. Several railroads opposed the granting of the license.

OLD-TIMER CALLS AT WHITE HOUSE



A car of 1903 arrived at the White House the other day, after making the trip from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the driver, A. Scherff, carrying a message from the mayor of Philadelphia to the President. Scherff has covered 10 states and hopes to make all the states before the first of the year, carrying messages from the different mayors and governors.

MOTOR TROUBLES DUE TO POOR OIL

"Medium" Lubricator, Scorched Under Friction and Permitted Bearings to Go Dry.

(By ERWIN GREER, President Greer College of Automotive Engineering, Chicago.)

Let's take a typical case of the pace that kills. Your Eighty-Eight rolls out of the salesroom on its first 2,000 miles. Of course you drive pretty slowly on the first five hundred or thousand miles, so as not to burn her up. You watch the oil gauge and when it slides down the scale you stop at an oil station. And here's where you get into trouble.

"Medium or light oil?" asks the oil man. "Medium," you say because "medium" sounds like a good average. And then whatever brand of oil that particular station has is poured into your crankcase.

Then came Musical Tap-Tap. All right. Let's go! Soon "3,000" clicks into place on the speedometer, so you let her out to discover what the big eight can really do. A rough overtone sounds over the sweet purr of the motor, but you're hitting forty-five and are too busy to notice it. Then comes a hint of labor into the drone of the motor and then a musical tap-tap. And as you let the accelerator spring up from the floorboard the tap becomes a whack-and then you have up one to blame but yourself. The bill the garage man hands you is the cost of a lesson in "Don't Just Say Oil."

Here is what happened to the inside of the motor. It was a beautiful job to start with—joints cozy and bearings snug, to start with—but it was new metal, and surface ground against surface. Tiny filings washed off into the oil and sank to the crankcase. Some of the "medium" oil you purchased was poor stuff that scorched under friction and permitted the bearings to go dry. Your car was designed with broad bearing surfaces of narrow clearance, calling for light oil. Medium oil was the same as a fat man trying to squeeze through an elevated train—neither are built for the work. The bearings got hotter and wore away quickly, dropping still more filings down into the oil below.

Put came in through the breather tubes and the air intake, carbon began to accumulate, and as the motor was never again given a good cleaning out, there formed in the reservoir a sandlike mixture of oil, metal and various kinds of grit. And when you let her out the motor sent in an emergency call for more oil and the pump obeying flushed the friction surfaces with a sticky mush until finally a wrist-pin began to shriek.

Use Best Oil and Greases.

If only every motorist would keep his car supplied with best oil and greases adapted to it, 90 per cent of motor troubles would disappear.

Peculiar, too, isn't it, when you come to think about it? Here you go and put half a year's income into a car and then neglect to give it the proper lubrication. Gosh, it's the embodiment of every principle known to mechanics, from high tension to hydraulics; it's the peak of standard perfection. With real care the normal life of a motor car is from fifty to a hundred thousand miles and it may be much longer than that. But at ten thousand miles it has reached the dangerous age and will begin to show its wild oats if it is not carefully watched. At twenty thousand it is rapidly sinking into senile debility. Man, you can't break the commandments and stay young, not without a lot of expensive repairs, anyhow.

So use the best oil there is—it's the cheapest in the long run.

CROSSING RAILROAD TRACKS

Speeding Up and Coasting Is Dangerous Even If Clear View Is Had From Road.

Crossing railroad tracks by speeding up and coasting is dangerous, even if a clear view of the track is had from the road. The crossing may be rougher than it looks, or there may be a force of an up-grade that appears at first glance and the momentum of the car can be quickly dissipated.

Kindness has converted more sinners than zeal, eloquence or learning.

Every day something is being done that is better than the last.

Every day something is being done that is better than the last.

Every day something is being done that is better than the last.

Every day something is being done that is better than the last.

Every day something is being done that is better than the last.

Every day something is being done that is better than the last.

LEGITIMATE USE OF CHAINS

Many Drivers Find Ways of Overdoing Things and Get in Habit of Driving Too Fast.

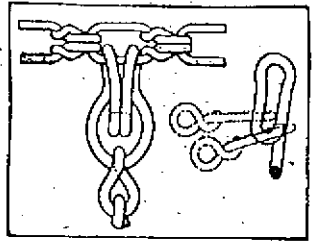
Chains have their legitimate use, but as usual drivers find ways of overdoing it. The latest is the habit of driving too fast. Even the chain manufacturers don't advertise that their articles will guarantee motorists against accidents, but drivers seem to have a notion that the chains justify greater speed. As a matter of fact, the chains simply make the normal speed of the car for wet weather safe. If 15 to 20 miles an hour is the limit for wet weather driving the chains will make this speed practically safe. But if the driver clips off 30 miles per hour or over he must remember that in event of need for a quick stop conditions are about the same as though he were caught going 20 miles per hour without chain protection. Too much confidence in chains is like getting careless with the gasoline just because there's a fire extinguisher in the car.

DEVICE TO AVOID SKIDDING

Simple and Inexpensive to Manufacture and Prevents Detachment of Chains.

The Scientific American in illustrating and describing anti-skid device, the invention of G. F. A. Nuebling of Hewlett, L. I., N. Y., says:

An object of the invention is to provide a construction in which accidental detachment of the cross chains



from the side chains will be prevented. Another object is to provide a connection between the side and cross chains by means of which said chains may be readily detached from each other. The device is simple and inexpensive to manufacture.

STEP ON STARTER IF CAUGHT

Few Motorists Realize What a Source of Emergency Power, Electric Device Can Be.

Few motorists realize what a source of emergency power an electric starter-motor can be.

When caught on railroad tracks with a stalled motor the thing to do is to place the gears in "second" and step on the starter. The car will move off the tracks slowly but surely, and in half the time that would be required to crank the motor. Some starters make so much noise that a train couldn't be heard approaching while the motor is being cranked.

A practice of relying on the starter-motor, of course, is a good way to get acquainted with the repair shops, but it is assumed that stalling on railroad crossings is not a habit. Many abuses of the car are justifiable in an emergency; the point is to know what ones can be relied upon as life-savers.

AUTOMOBILE NEWS

There are about 12,000,000 automobiles in the world, and about 10,000,000 of them in the United States.

An automobile piloting device has been invented by a former army officer to guide small balloons used to distribute advertising matter as they sail across country.

A New Orleans inventor's gasoline economizer for low priced automobiles is featured by a bar of copper that is expanded by the engine heat to control the flow of fuel.

Automobile tourist travel across the United States is heaviest over the central routes, namely, the Lincoln Highway, the National Old Trails road and the Yellow Stone trail.

We would our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.—Shakespeare.

When Its Wrong to Bet.

"It's wrong to bet on a horse race," said Uncle Eben, "especially for a man whose judgment and no better than his morals."

HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS

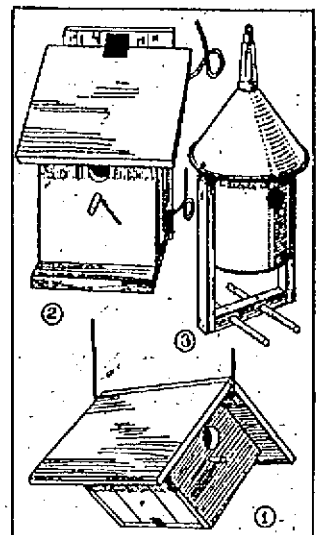
By A. NEELY HALL

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall)

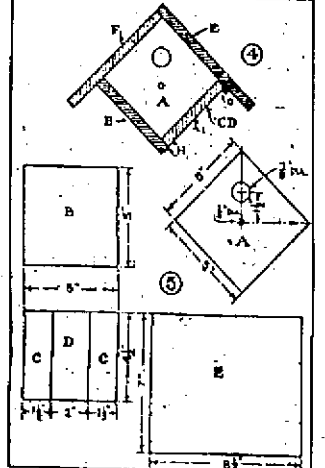
WREN HOUSES.

The dimensions given will make houses of the right size for wrens. The doorways should be 3/4 inch in diameter.

Fig. 4 shows a cross section of the house in Fig. 1. Fig. 5 shows dimensions for the parts. Bore the doorway where located, and a 3/4-inch hole



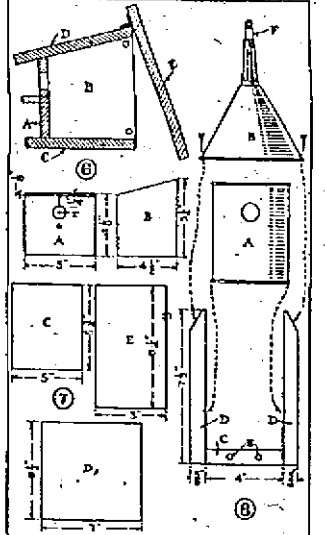
below it for the perch stick. The rear wall will be of the same size as front A; side B is of the same size also. Side CD is 1/4 inch shorter than B, because B laps over its edge; it is sawed into three parts, the outer pieces (Q) to be nailed in place, the center piece (D) to be slipped between and held at the top by a block (G, Fig. 4), and at the bottom by a button (H) made of a scrap of tin. Roof board F is the same as board E (Fig. 5), but is



3/4 inch narrower to allow for the lapping edge of board E.

Nail the parts together with 1-inch finishing nails. Give the outside of the house two coats of paint, the inside one coat.

The second wren house (Fig. 2) is shown in cross-section in Fig. 8, and Fig. 7 shows dimensions for the parts. Bevel the top edge of front piece A, as shown, so the roof will fit it squarely, bore a 3/4-inch doorway in the position indicated, and bore a hole below it for the perch-stick. Assemble the pieces as shown in Figs. 2 and 6. Hinge back B to the edge of roof



board D, to give access for cleaning the house. It is not necessary to provide a fastener for the hinged back, because when the house is hung upon a tree, the back cannot open.

Wren house number three (Fig. 3) is made of a tomato can (A, Fig. 5), a tin funnel 5/4 inches in diameter (B), a wooden framework made of three strips (C and D), and two dowel-sticks (E) and a hanger stick and screw-eye (F).

Sticks D provide a means for fastening the funnel roof. Bevel their tops to correspond with the pitch of the funnel, and punch a pair of holes through the funnel, through which to drive screws into the sticks. Bore two 3/4-inch holes through stick C, for the perch sticks. Cut hanger peg F to fit the funnel top. Drive a screw-eye into its top, and fasten the peg with a nail driven through the spot.

Let him who neglects to raise the fallen, fear lest when he falls, no one will stretch out his hand to lift him up.—Smith.

You Tell 'Em.

Accumulate a fortune of \$100,000. Then, when you are old, you will always be a welcome visitor among your relatives.

HANDICRAFT FOR GIRLS

By DOROTHY PERKINS

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall)

GARDEN IDEAS.

It is hoped that each of you girls has made a garden where you can experiment all summer with growing things; or, if you have not, that you will right away.

As good a small aprinkler as you would want is a can with perforated bottom (Fig. 1). This can be filled by dipping into a pail. Hold it as the girl in Fig. 2 is holding it, for aprinkling. Punch the holes through the can bottom with a nail.

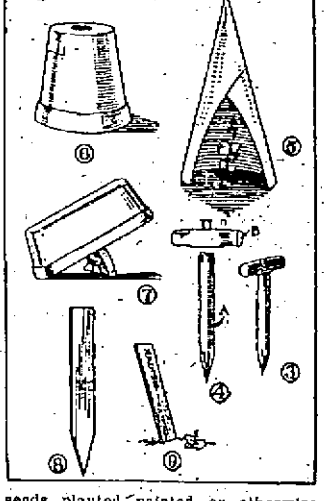
When planting, have you ever used a dibble with which to make holes of the right size for seeds and transplantings? Fig. 3 shows a simple dibble made of a short piece of broom-handle (A, Fig. 3), pointed at one end, with a short crosspiece (B) nailed across the other end for a handle. The handle may be omitted, but it will give a better hold for working the point into the ground.

It is necessary to protect transplantings from the sun until they have taken root and are able to withstand



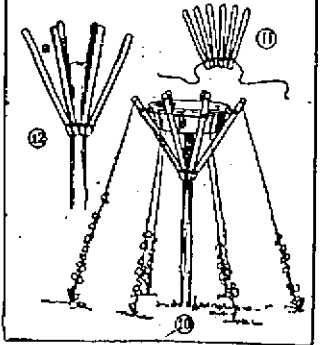
the heat without wilting, and Figs. 5, 6 and 7 show three good means of shielding them. Fig. 5 shows a paper funnel, so folded that one side, left open, can be turned away from the sun to admit light and air. The flower-pot shield (Fig. 6) is more commonly used, for short plants, because flower-pots are almost always at hand; the basket shield is good, because, while it gives protection it admits light and air. These coverings should be removed after sundown, of course, so the plant will receive the night dew.

Short pieces of lath, pointed at one end (Fig. 8), with the names of the



seeds planted, pointed or otherwise marked upon them (Fig. 9), make excellent garden markers, and if you will sandpaper the sticks and give them a coat of white enamel before marking them, they will be worth while keeping from year to year.

A garden is not complete without a bird bath, and in Fig. 10 I have shown one which also will serve the purpose of a vine rack. The first thing to do is to drive a pole into the ground. Then select straight pieces of branches 12 inches long, pass a piece of cord around each near one end (Fig. 11), and tie around the pole about ten inches below its top (Fig. 12). These pieces form a crutch-setting for the bird basin, for which a small tin pan may be used. After



setting the pan upon the pole top, pass another piece of heavy cord around the branches, near their upper ends, with which to bind the branches tightly against the sides of the pan. Tie cords to the tops, and run them down to stakes driven into the ground, to train your vines upon.

Shun Gloom.

No one can have more light because they have involved others in the same gloom and darkness as himself.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

She Was Never Walker

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"And what can I do for you?" asked Dr. Henry Hardwick, lifting rather tired gray eyes to regard the young woman who had just been ushered into his private office. She was a stranger and, as was Doctor Hardwick's custom, he was trying to diagnose her case before she had even mentioned her symptoms. But she looked amazingly well—far too well to pay him a visit. Still she was agitated—so agitated, in fact, that her hand shook and she had to moisten her lips before she could speak.

"Mr. Peters—Samuel Peters—is one of your patients?" she began, and as the doctor nodded an affirmative—"He is my fiancé. Our engagement has not been announced, but I tell you in order to make you understand. There is opposition to our engagement. His mother is a widow, you know, and would object to his marrying any one. So he doesn't want it known. And now he is ill, very ill."

"Yes, Mr. Peters is very ill," the doctor helped. "But I believe he will live." And to himself he was wondering how Mrs. Peters, as he knew her, could possibly object to so charming a daughter-in-law. "I will be glad to keep you informed of Mr. Peters' condition."

"No, it isn't that," Abigail went on. "You see, he might need me very much and he would not be able to send for me. He might—might die without seeing me. I must see him. I must be with him, in spite of his mother's objections. I am sure there is no other reason for his not wanting our engagement announced besides his mother. I thought that you could suggest a nurse—an additional nurse if he already has one—and I could be the nurse. I know something of nursing. At boarding school we had lectures and a little practice at the children's clinic. Wouldn't you please let me, doctor? You must see how important it is."

There was pleading in the girl's voice that left but one answer.

"It could possibly be arranged," he said, and then, doubting whether assistance in the girl's plot would be quite compatible with professional dignity, he added: "You see, I had really decided that a nurse would be necessary. Yet all the nurses on my list are engaged. Your offer comes opportunely. I would have no right to do anything but accept. I had better not tell Mr. Peters. You might go on duty this evening at about six. He will perhaps not recognize you—rather high temperature still. You can, I suppose, do the ordinary things?"

"Yes," said Abigail. "Oh, I am so grateful."

It was further arranged that the doctor would call at the Peters house and tell them of his engaging the nurse, whose name for the Peters family should be Miss Walker.

As the doctor imagined, Samuel Peters was not quite rational enough that night to recognize in the little nurse in unbecoming uniform the girl to whom he had pledged his troth. Abigail was full of concern for her patient, but somehow her anxiety over her patient's critical illness was in a measure relieved by the feeling of surprise that her first meeting with Mrs. Peters caused. She was not at all as her son had described her and there were numerous discrepancies in the arrangement of their home life and that assistance as Samuel Peters had described it. He always talked glibly about "Rogers," whom Abigail took to be an old family butler. He spoke of "cook" and his mother's personal maid. Abigail was surprised to find that old Marie in the kitchen was the sole domestic in the Peters menage. Abigail found herself wondering, almost forgetting her concern for Samuel Peters, as she sat beside his bed during the long hours of that first night of watchfulness.

He had deceived her about his family's mode of living, but Abigail forgave him. Rather she blamed herself. She had perhaps seemed arrogant and snobbish, and he had thought that she would not have cared for him if she had known that his family lived in moderate circumstances. The fact that she herself had always been used to wealth had been the cause of this deception.

Toward seven o'clock the next morning Samuel Peters was sleeping, and Nurse Walker left, with his kindly old mother taking her place by his side.

"You are a very good nurse," said the mother, laying her gentle hand on Abigail's arm. "And you are very young." And then, looking at her son, "I think he is better now. I can manage through the day. You must not come back until late afternoon."

"I'll be thoroughly rested in five or six hours," said Abigail. "But first I'll take a bite of breakfast," and she left the room wondering how a mother like that could possibly oppose her marriage if it meant her son's happiness.

Doctor Hardwick came as soon as morning office hours were over and discovered his patient for the first time free from the confusion or delirium that had accompanied his fever.

"There was a nurse here last night," said Samuel Peters weakly to the doctor. "Yes, I thought so. She sat there—it seemed a long time. No matter." He closed his eyes for a minute or so and then went on. "There's something I've been trying to tell you all. I've been sick some time—lying here. I wanted you to take a message. I can tell you, doctor."

"The message can wait," assured Doctor Hardwick. "We'd better talk about that later." But the strength of Samuel Peters, so stalwart and robust in health, was returning rapidly. He insisted on giving the message.

"There is a girl, I've gone about with her a bit—nothing serious with her. Only we've played around a bit, and she might be anxious. Take it down, doctor—the name and address, I mean. Miss Abigail Allen of Allentown—Watson road. You'll find it in the suburban telephone directory. I know her number, but I can't recall it now. Just tell her I'm getting on, will you? But don't let my mother hear. You understand?"

"Miss Abigail Allen of Allentown," repeated the doctor. "If she cares a great deal for you, she might want to come. You could see her now."

Samuel Peters smiled, a smile that made the doctor feel like throttling him, sick man though he was. "Perhaps she does care," smirked Samuel. "She's quite young. But it wouldn't do. Assure her that it wouldn't do. You see—I may as well tell you, doctor, if anything happens—though now nothing will happen—you should know—I've a wife in France. War marriage, but we're going to get together again. She's been over here with me once and as soon as she settles her affairs over there she'll be back. She's worth ten of any of these gray-eyed American girls. In the meantime—gray eyes are diverting. I guess you understand, doctor."

"Possibly better than you imagine," said the doctor, and then, "But don't worry about it now. You're a lot better, but not well enough yet to talk so much. I'll see to your message."

When the doctor had returned home for luncheon his housekeeper told him that a young woman was waiting in his reception room. "I told her it wasn't office hours," she said, "but she said it was a personal matter."

It was Abigail Allen. "I'm not at all sure I want to go on with it," she said, to begin with. "He doesn't know I'm here, and I could leave on some pretext without his knowing. You'll think I'm heartless, but I've been thinking things over. I've somehow had my eyes opened and I'm afraid I'm not fond enough of Mr. Peters to think of marrying him, and if I'm not going to marry him of course there is no reason why I should nurse him. I'd go on though—only, of course, if I don't love him it would be wicked to marry him, wouldn't it?"

The doctor, who had been studying Abigail's young face intently, replied with a heartiness. "Yes." Then he thought for a minute.

"It would be better for you not to remain there. Anyway, Mr. Peters is so much better that he won't need you. That can be your excuse, and you can get away without letting him see you. In the meantime—I need you—that is, I'm so short of nurses. There's a fracture, case—little girl of ten. I know you never had any intention of nursing, but perhaps it would help you to adjust yourself. I'll see you every day." Doctor Hardwick hadn't intended giving voice to that last sentence. Embarrassed at hearing himself, he looked up and smiled rather foolishly, and Abigail, without exactly knowing why, blushed quite as foolishly.

"I'd got permission home to go off nursing for a week or so," she said. "Of course I couldn't tell them whom I was nursing. If you think I could manage I should be very glad—if you really need me."

Ten days later when Samuel Peters was well enough to be out again he received a brief note from Abigail Allen.

"I am sure you realized all the time," she wrote, "that our engagement was not serious, so I am not afraid of giving you the slightest disappointment when I tell you that I am soon to become the wife of Dr. Henry Hardwick. With best wishes."

"That's romance for you," mused Samuel Peters. "And it all came out of a telephone message concerning my health."

He Couldn't Hear.

While his mother was entertaining visitors, Johnny Brown found his way into the bathroom and, to amuse himself, turned on the water.

Mrs. Brown, upon hearing the noise, went upstairs, and when she appeared at the room in question found the bathtub overflowing with water. She reprimanded Johnny for his action, saying: "Didn't a little voice inside of you tell you that you were doing wrong?"

"Yes, mother," replied Johnny, "but the water made so much noise I couldn't hear it."

No Escape.

"Many hotels now have no room numbered 13. Some office buildings omit the thirteenth floor."

"Still, we can't leave Friday off the calendar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Over Their Heads.

"She's a very intellectual person." "That so?"

"Yes. She writes papers on Browning and Keats that nobody else in our literary club can understand."

The Personal Touch.

Blackstone—Why did your French maid leave? I thought she was so clever at hooking your dresses?

Mrs. Blackstone—She was—extremely clever. She hooked three before she left.

Over Their Heads.

"Well, well," sighed Grandon Oysterface, "these be queer times. The men are going into short pants and the women into long dresses. Well, well."

All "Chores" on Farm.

City man recalls the three or four "chores" that preceded or follow his working day, yet his mind dwells on the charms of farm life which is all "chores."

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

WHY

An Old Shoe Is Thrown After the Blushing Bride

Throwing a shoe after the bride is the survival of a custom based upon ancient symbolical usages in connection with sandals or shoes. Delivery of a shoe was used as a testimony in transferring a possession. A man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor, and this was a testimony in Israel.

Throwing a shoe on property was a symbol of new ownership.

From these ancient practices came the old English and Scottish customs of throwing an old shoe after a bride on her departure for a new home, symbolizing that the parents gave up all right or dominion over their daughter.

In Anglo-Saxon times the father delivered the bride's shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her on the head with it to show his authority. In Turkey the bridegroom is chased after marriage by the wedding guests and pelted with slippers.

WIRE MADE CORONA PROOF

Rubber Insulation Deteriorates When Wire Carries High Current Unless Covered With Lead.

Ordinary rubber insulation deteriorates rapidly when the wire carries high-voltage current unless it is covered with a lead sheath. This is because conductors raised to a sufficiently high potential are surrounded by an electrical discharge—luminous in the dark if the voltage is high enough—called corona, which takes place whether the conductor is insulated or not. Corona generates ozone from the oxygen in the air, and ozone very rapidly oxidizes rubber insulation, causing it to crack open, especially on the outside of bends. Although corona discharge takes place at quite low voltages, it does not attain harmful intensity under about 2,000 volts and usually remains invisible up to much higher voltages. If the rubber-insulated conductor is covered with a lead sheath, either the ozone generated by the corona is kept from contact with the rubber or does not occur at all. If the sheath is grounded, so that these cables may be used for transmission voltages. There are some classes of service, however, for which it is desirable to use rubber-insulated, non-leaded conductors for currents at which corona is formed. To this end certain manufacturers of electric cable have introduced a corona-proof wire which is covered with a special saturated braided. This wire has been subjected to the most searching tests, which have shown conclusively that it is proof against the destructive effects of corona.—Electrical World.

Why Maple Syrup Is Thin.

The Indians appreciated the usefulness of the sugar maple tree, and taught the earliest white pioneers how to extract the sugar. They probably relied upon it for their entire supply of sweetening.

The Indians mixed maple sugar with melted bear's fat and made sauce for their roast venison. They used it to sweeten boiled corn, and the parched corn which they carried with them on journeys. There is an old Algonquian legend that explains why maple sugar runs so thin instead of being thick like sirup, as it was originally.

One day Nokomis, the grandmother of Minnabush, was roaming through the forests, and by accident cut the bark of a tree. Seeing a rich sirup flow slowly from the wound, she tasted it, and delighted at finding it so sweet gave some to Minnabush. He also was much pleased, but felt afraid that if the women of the tribe found the sirup could be obtained so easily, all ready-made, as it were, they would become idle. So, in order to keep his nuptials busy, he diluted the sap, making it thin by pouring water over the tops of the trees. This is why the women must boil down the sap to make sirup.—Detroit News.

Renewed Interest.

Don't get bored with life. When we thought we had tried everything along came Mah Jong.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Where to Find Scenery.

There's more scenery along the broad highway that leads to destruction than on the straight and narrow path.

Salem Founded in 1628.

The second colony of Massachusetts was begun in 1628 with the founding of Salem.

Drifting.

Drifting from one new folly to another is sometimes called keeping up to date.

Heard on the Boat.

"Do you think the end of the world is near?" "It's nearer than it ever was before."

Plow in Fall to Reduce Leaf-Spot

Tomato Blight Can Be Controlled Covering Infected Vines With Soil.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Recent investigations by the bureau of plant industry, United States Department of Agriculture, indicate that tomato leaf-spot, or blight, which causes an average annual loss of approximately 250,000 tons of tomatoes in the Middle Atlantic and Middle Western states, can be largely controlled by thoroughly plowing under all dead tomato vines in the fall to prevent the overwintering of the fungus.

The tomato leaf-spot fungus, as shown by experiments, grows fruits, and overwinters on various kinds of dead plant material, such as weeds, grasses, corn stalks, wheat stubble, and remains of other crops. It overwinters in greatest abundance on old tomato vines, however, as it starts on the live plants when there is little competition with other fungi and obtains a monopoly on this material. During the autumn and spring it thoroughly permeates the surface tissues of the old tomato vines lying partly or wholly on the surface of the soil, and in the summer produces innumerable fruiting bodies and spores. This food supply usually carries it well into the fall, by which time it spreads to other dead plant remains and hence lives over another winter. By means of this saprophytic existence on dead plant debris, it is able to live from year to year until it finds a favorable opportunity to attack another tomato crop.

Causes Death of Fungus.

Covering the infected tomato vines with soil at the end of the picking season causes the death of the fungus before spring. The vines have to be thoroughly covered, however, to obtain this result, as those left partly or wholly exposed harbor the fungus. If the leaf-spot fungus could be completely prevented from living over even one winter there would be obviously no more leaf-spot. The more nearly this condition is approached, the less likelihood of an epidemic, for this fungus does not produce spores until summer and a small amount of it could hardly multiply enough under natural conditions to do much damage in the short period favorable for its distribution.

Plowing the vines thoroughly under in the fall in the preparation of the land for the succeeding crop will prevent an enormous amount of overwintering. This accompanied by clean culture and crop rotation should practically control this disease if generally practiced. The use of a rolling roller to cut the vines or of a curved rod to turn the ends into the bottom of the furrow as they are covered with soil may aid in the covering. Disking and plowing will not suffice unless all the parts are covered so deep that they will not become exposed.

The eastern practice of disking tomato fields at the end of the harvest and sowing grain or grass is apparently responsible for much overwintering of this fungus, as this enables it to live and multiply on the tomato vines until the grain stubble or dead grass leaves are available as food.

Use of Early Plants.

Owing to temperature limitations leaf-spot or blight does not usually appear in tomato fields in the Middle Atlantic and Middle Western states until June 15 to July 1. The use of very early plants is therefore a means of partially escaping it. This will not apply, however, to the main or late crop. Moreover, it will not aid much if leaf-spot develops in the seed bed and is carried to the field on the plants, as this produces early epidemic conditions. The necessity of a clean seed bed is therefore apparent. Horse nettle, purple thorn apple, Jimson weed, ground cherry, and black nightshade should be kept out of fields, roadsides, fence rows and other parts of the farm, as they are also hosts of this fungus.

Food Is Essential in

Production of Feathers

Food is just as essential in producing feathers as it is in producing eggs—don't stop feeding your hens when they molt and quit laying. L. E. Payne, Kansas station, says to continue to feed them a laying mash, as they need the nutrients that were formerly required to produce eggs for developing new feathers. After the completion of the molt discontinue the feeding of the dry mash and keep the hens on a dry ration until about January 1, when the mash should be resumed. Corn, wheat, barley, and kaffir, either singly or in combination, would make a good fall feed.

Encourage Purchase of

Bulls Co-Operatively

More than 600 additional live stock breeders' associations were formed with the assistance of agriculture extension workers in 1922, and 500 communities were encouraged to purchase bulls co-operatively, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture. Co-operatively owned improved breeding stock, co-operative buying and selling of feeds and stocks, and community adoption of sanitary measures in care of live stock are features of these organizations.

Tight Shoes.

No joke sounds as funny as it deserves, to a man whose shoes are too tight.

Nagging.

Nagging reveals that the clucking vine type may reserve the right to raise thorns.

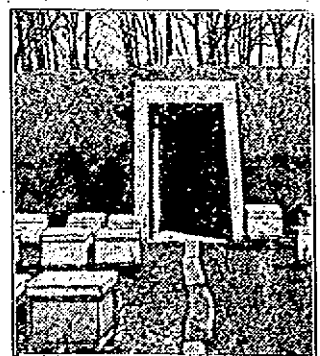
Concrete Bee Cellar Will Pay for Itself

Illustration Shows Structure Built by Pennsylvanian.

The life of a bee is measured by its activities. In summer it is proverbially busy and its work soon wears it out. In the winter it must live slowly to live long.

The proper temperature for bees during the winter is from 53 to 55 degrees. If the temperature gets higher, the bees become more active from the heat; if the temperature becomes less, the bees must become active in order to generate heat, and hence consume more honey and die sooner.

Charles N. Green, retained as chief apary adviser for the Pennsylvania state board of agriculture, finds that bees wintered under proper conditions "consume" from three to five



Concrete Bee Cellar.

pounds of honey per winter as compared with 25 pounds or more for those wintered in summer stands.

The attached photo shows a concrete bee cellar built by W. G. Lawer, Middletown, Pa. It is built of concrete and paid for itself in one year.

In building a bee cellar, ventilation may be entirely omitted, but in case the cellar might ever be used for vegetable storage, ventilation should be provided, but stopped up when the bees are being wintered in it.

Selling Thin Chickens

Never Proves Profitable

Since chickens that are to be marketed can be fattened for a fraction of a cent a pound, it does not pay to sell birds in this condition they are ordinarily in when they come off the range. Fattening or fleshing, as it is sometimes called, not only increases the weight but improves the flavor, makes the meat more tender.

Tender beefsteaks always come from the cuts that are streaked with fat between the layers of lean and the same principle holds good with chicken meat. L. H. Schwartz of the poultry department at Purdue university says that theoretically the fat is distributed between the muscle fibers in a way similar to the marbling in roasts and steaks. In the roasting method of cooking poultry, the fat assists in shortening the time of cooking. He contrasts it with the lean bird which requires longer cooking and from which the water evaporates, leaving the bird in a dry and tough condition.

There is usually a good market for birds pen-fed in the fall for the holiday markets. Birds can stand the confinement in the fall. Pick out the ones that weigh around three or four pounds. They fatten readily.

Boys' Club Work Is on

Purely Business Basis

A third-year member of the boys' pig clubs in Arkansas some months ago sold ten of his pigs to younger club boys in his county. This young stockman, Paul Giles of Phillips county, Arkansas started in the live stock business through the winning of a money prize offered to the club boy in the county who grew the most corn on an acre of upland. When he received his money he determined to invest it in something that would give good returns. He decided to buy two pure bred pigs and learn how to feed and care for them as a part of his club work. As he acquired skill in his new work he added to his herd. He sold in 1922, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture, over \$200 worth of pigs, had 40 hogs in his own herd, and has the pleasure of seeing other club boys in his county start in pure bred hog raising by means of his stock.

Consider Conditions in

Selection of Best Breed

In selecting the variety of fowl that you prefer to raise, it is well to consider the conditions it will be subjected to. With the average backlotter, close confinement is necessary and his selection, therefore, if best results are to be secured, should be influenced by the effect such confinement will have upon the various varieties from which he desires to choose his flock.

Select Seed Corn From

Strong Stalks in Field

Seed corn should be selected in the field from strong, vigorous stalks which show no sign of disease. The ears should be carefully dried under a shed and then stored in a dry, well ventilated room until next spring. At planting time, each ear should be carefully examined again for any sign of disease.

Some People's Failing.

Great failing of people who do not take themselves seriously is that they do not take us sufficiently so.

Moves Hotel.

An Eastern contractor recently moved a four-story building weighing 60,000 tons 125 feet.

New Skirt Models Have Three Tiers

Fashion Is Brought Into Prominence by Leading Paris Designer.

Many of the new autumn models show skirts in three tiers, writes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Tribune. An attractive number, as used by one prominent Paris maker, is a cloth dress of beige wool reps trimmed with brown astrakhan fur. In addition to the three-tiered skirt this frock has another new feature, a narrow left-side panel, which buttons the full length of the skirt and along the underarm seam of the bodice.

Another new model is a straight-line dress developed in green crepe de chine. The skirt is cut with circular side panels set on at the hipline. The frock is trimmed with bands of red and green braid and has a high astrakhan collar exactly like that on the model just described.

Skirts showing a circular cut fullness at the sides appear to be favorites with one of the leading designers. He makes very simple models devoid of any new feature except the placing of the circular side panels.

Bright-colored braid trimmings also are featured by this maker. He makes a model in black crepe de chine. For it he uses long sleeves and circular side panels. The trimming consists of bands of red and black braid.

The dress with short coat of the same material—the costume commonly and erroneously known as the three-piece suit—will continue to be one of the mainstays of the autumn fashions. Skirts of frocks which go to make up such costumes usually are plain wide blouses are plaited. The



Model in Beige Wool Reps, Trimmed With Brown Astrakhan Fur.

best-liked length for the jacket is what is known as hip length.

The straight-line, plaited dress—that is, plaited from the neckline to the hem—also takes its place among the most popular of early autumn styles. It is especially smart when accompanied by a coat of matching fabric which may be either plain or plaited after the manner of the dress. The only trimming on the coat is a huge fur collar.

Well Fitting Shoe Is

Conservator of Hosiery

A well fitting shoe helps more in the long life of hosiery than most of us realize. A shoe that rubs on the heel, or moves up and down and around as one walks, will wear out even the best of hosiery in a little while. Hence a shoe that fits conserves hosiery. Not all of us like to follow the rule of darning heels and toes before hosiery is worn, but every pair of hosiery should be washed before wearing, and should be hung up at night to fully air, or better yet be washed out and dried.

In putting on silk hose fold the top down to the heel over the foot of hose, slip foot in and draw up carefully. Some of the silk hose are made close fitting about the ankle, it is an easy matter to break a thread, and a hole follows quickly. Always examine washed hose before wearing for any possible thinness, and if a hole looks probable with a little more wear, forestall it by darning.

Floral Bandeaux and

Bracelets for Girls

A pleasing novelty designed for debutantes' wear is a new floral bandeau with a matching bracelet, made of narrow black velvet or gold or silver ribbon. Clusters of tiny artificial flowers are arranged either across the front or on either side of the bandeau, while a little rosette pays to match them adorns the bracelet.

Other adornments for debutantes' wear show bracelets and long chains made of three strands of seed pearls, held at intervals by clasps of onyx, for onyx and pearl ornaments are now becoming every-where as fashionable as onyx and diamonds.

This famous scent has been in use for two centuries. The great "4711" firm in Cologne which manufactured it has just closed down, but the supply available is practically unlimited still. Though Cologne has the credit for its manufacture, it was indebted for the secret recipe to an Italian immigrant, Ferrara.

Heavily Embroidered Frock for Young Miss



Navy blue, heavily embroidered in gold and red, makes this most attractive dress for the young woman for fall wear.

How to Make Mirrors

Create Cheerfulness

Adroit mirror usage in the small, rather shadowed hall creates an atmosphere of cheerfulness. Place within its range a bowl of pretty flowers, roses, or simple garden blooms and note the brightening effect that the reflection of their colors creates. From another angle the gay chintz hangings at one of the living room windows, glimpsed through the open door, are repeated in the mirror surface, supplying a vivid touch to the somber wall on which the mirror hangs. The value of a mirror in such a spot cannot be overestimated, so if your hall is a bit shadowy, by all means employ a mirror to give the needed brightening touch.

In rooms facing the north, in which the sun refuses to shine during the long winter months, use a mirror in conjunction with touches of orange or red. No colors bring such a warmth of tone as orange or red, yet they are infrequently employed, because they are so little understood. Let us suppose our choice for effect is orange, our bedroom and our wall covering putty tones. Hang the mirror above the black chest of drawers which shows as decoration narrow bands of orange. Choose an orange runner for the bureau top, softened at the end with blendings of old blue. Repeat these tints in the curtain hangings, and on the floor lay a two-tone blue rug. Introduce a predominance of orange in the chair cushions, and hang within range of the mirror a wall pocket of blue luster filled with a tangle of orange bitter-sweet vine. Border the blue bedspreads in orange, and then behold the result! The vivid orange will be repeated from every angle in the mirror's reflecting surface, bringing the glint of sunlight to add a welcome touch, but its vividness will not be overemphasized, thanks to the toning influence of the ebony and the softening shadows of blue.—Arts and Decoration.

Crocheting, National

Time-Killing Sport

A young and fairly intelligent married woman, on a yacht cruise, was observed by a male passenger to be busy with a crochet needle and a big spool of heavy thread making little wheels, which were put together to make big wheels, which in turn were to be combined some day in the grand sum total of a marvelous white bedspread, made of millions of stitches.

She sat, hour after hour, day after day, fingers fitting and eyes fixed on the work in her lap, oblivious to the beauty of the sky, water and forest. She had sailed presumably for a vacation outdoors. "I figured on making two of these a day," she explained proudly, "but I have done better than that. I may get the spread done in less than two years. I know a woman who was offered \$1,000 for one."

She didn't need the \$1,000, either. Her husband would have gladly given her that much to stop her eternal crocheting and take an interest in life.

Not all women seem to be profiting by the new leisure they have won.—Norfolk News.

Sleeves and Necks and

Effect of Cooler Days

Only a hint of cold weather was needed to send arms under cover so far as women are concerned. Sleeves have appeared as if by magic, and even when short sleeves or sleeveless frocks were worn, arms that have been bare all summer are covered by gloves. Some compromise by the addition of little downy puffs, two puffs to each arm, attached at the shoulders. These are of plaited georgette and come midway to the elbow. Sleeves on afternoon costumes in most instances are long and tight, coming well over the hand, as the Paris mode prescribes. Neck lines, however, continue to follow the canoe type with open gunwales—that is, the hem stands well away from the neck and shoulders. Sometimes a standing collar is a feature.

Humility.

Humility makes us kind, and kindness makes us humble.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

HOW

BEES TAKE POLLEN FROM ONE FLOWER TO ANOTHER.—Insects are chiefly beneficial as pollinizers of blossoms and there are but few plants or trees that do not depend to some extent upon them to carry pollen from one flower to another.

Most of our fruits are largely dependent upon insects, writes A. H. Channing, and many kinds of crops could not be raised without their assistance.

Flowers are visited by members of all the main groups of insects. Bees are the most important, while flies come next.

Rutabagas, the insects of flowers par excellence, feed on their sweet nectar, revel in their delicate perfumes and seem almost like another flower as, with dainty wings, they flutter and fit among the blossoms.

Insects are attracted to flowers mainly to obtain food (honey or pollen), being guided by the bright colors, perfumes and odors—depending on the taste of the particular insect.

In this way nature provides an indispensable and important means of carrying pollen from the stamens of one plant to the stigma of another, thus insuring cross fertilization and the production of fruits and seeds.

A bee enters the slipper-shaped lip of an orchid, the pink lady's slipper, in search of honey. It is unable to leave by the same opening. By crawling under the stigma it may escape by one of the two lateral openings at the base of the lip.

As it leaves the flower it rubs against the anther above, thus dusting its back with pollen. Entering the next flower it leaves some of this pollen on the stigma, in this way effecting a complete cross-pollination process.—Nature Magazine.

ORIGIN OF THREE-MILE LIMIT

Nation Could Control Sea Along Its Border as Far as Ancient Cannon's Range.

The doctrine of "freedom" of the seas is of comparatively recent date. Spain and Portugal claimed to divide jurisdiction over them through the famous bull of Pope Alexander VI. Venice claimed the Adriatic and Holland made large claims in the Indies.

It was, therefore, something of a novelty when Grotius, the father of international law, announced that "the boundless and rolling sea was as common to all people as the air," and that "no prince could challenge further into the sea than he could command with a cannon," says Frederick R. Coudert. The doctrine, however, comported well with the rise of the great nations in Europe in the Seventeenth century in its negation of the claim that one nation might exercise lordship over the seas.

Thus, gradually, and after many wars and much controversy between the great maritime powers, it became finally generally recognized that the limit of control of a nation over its adjacent waters was the ancient limit of the cannon range; to wit, three miles.—North American Review.

How Film Lighting Is Made.

Probably most of our readers are sufficiently sophisticated to realize that, when the movie man needs a flash of lightning in his action, he does not have to wait for a thunderstorm to get it. Probably few of them, however, realize how simple and cheap the production of film lightning is. The wooden stand used for the purpose is wired just like an arc lamp. The two contact points are on the two upright arms—a single large carbon constituting the electrical member in the one case, and several smaller ones in the other. By pulling a cord the two contacts are brought together and the circuit established and when they are released and the circuit broken, there is a momentary flashing arc. The spreading out of the arc effect over the several small carbons of the one contact is responsible for much of the realism of this brand of lightning.—Scientific American.

How Regiment Got Its Name.

The origin of the famous Gordon Highlanders, one of Scotland's crack killed regiments, was recalled recently by General Sir Ian Hamilton in a review at Aberdeen. It was all due to the "loveliest woman in bonnie Scotland," Jean, duchess of Gordon, who at a time of stress rode to the county fairs in a Highland bonnet and regimental jacket, and scores who else would have spurned the king's shilling received it in rapture from her lips. At the review, Private William Simpson, eighty-seven years old, was present, wearing the Indian mutiny medal. To him General Hamilton remarked: "Lord Roberts always told me that the finest sight he ever saw in his life was the Highlanders advancing in line in front of Lucknow."

How to Clamp Log In Buck.

To keep round firewood from turning in a wood rack or sawbuck, it is necessary only to nail diagonally opposite arms of the rack eight or ten-inch sections of a broken or discarded cross-cut saw. These are placed so that they will project about a quarter inch over the edge of the arm.—Popular Science Monthly.

Once Upon a Time.

Once upon a time there was a woman who said to another woman, "There is something you should know, but I cannot tell you now," and the other woman did not insist upon hearing it right then and there, but maybe you would rather hear a true story.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, November 29, 1873

Probably few remember an incident that happened during the latter part of our Civil war, in which Spain compelled our government to do an act which was not at all agreeable to the Navy Department. Captain Charles Hunter of this city was in command of one of Uncle Sam's vessels and was ever on the alert to capture English blockade runners. He captured several, but one day he discovered a large swift one which he knew would prove a rich prize. Away he went for her and the race proved a long one. Finally the blockade runner was found to be bearing Spanish waters, and Captain Hunter's officers had some fear of the capture under such circumstances and remonstrated with the captain. Captain Hunter's reply was that the chase was endeavoring to carry supplies to the enemies of his country, and he was determined to capture her even if he had to do it under the guns of Moro Castle and capture her he did, but unfortunately it was in Spanish waters. Spain was mad and demanded Capt. Hunter's dismissal, and our Government complied. Capt. Hunter remained out of the service till the Rebellion closed, when he was reinstated by act of Congress.

An evening school for the winter will open next week and be under the charge of Mr. Henry W. Clarke, principal of the Grammar School in the Coddington building.

Tuesday, December 17, will be one hundred years since the tea was thrown into Boston harbor. Many things have happened since.

The alarm of fire Thursday was caused by the burning of a small barn on the Bedlow place near Mianomoni Hill.

John Ramsden dined over two hundred poor children on Thanksgiving Day and gave them a dinner equal to the best served in many of our favored homes.

The small appropriation of \$5000 made at the last session of Congress for dredging our harbor, is now being spent in improving the passage between Lime Rock and Goat Island.

The Boston Journal says: "We sometimes make fun of our little sister state, Little Rhody, but she makes us pay for it about Thanksgiving time. Her poultry, and especially turkeys, bring about three cents a pound more than those of our own raising."

Mr. George F. Robinson of this state, who was instrumental in saving the life of Secretary Seward when attacked by assassin Payne on the night of April 14, 1865, has been presented with the medal awarded him by Congress in 1871. The medal is valued at \$1400.

The funeral of Hon. John P. Hale, New Hampshire's great statesman, who died November 19, took place in Dover, Saturday. Many distinguished men were present from all parts of the country.

Married in Portsmouth, in St. Mary's Church, 16th inst., by Rev. H. Williams, Reston P. Manchester to Mary P., daughter of Jonathan Gould, all of Middletown.

The new Rogers High School building will be ready for use soon after New Year's. It is a fine looking structure and will be an ornament to the city.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, December 3, 1898

The terrible blizzard that Newport has experienced this week will pass down in history as the most destructive in the annals of the city. All the damage that has been wrought cannot be enumerated. The storm was not confined to one locality, but was far reaching in its effects, the entire Atlantic coast being in the clutches of the storm king. All Saturday night the snow fell and the wind blew in terrific gusts. All day Sunday the storm continued with unabated fury. Newport was completely shut off from the outside world. Much damage was done in Middletown, Portsmouth, Jamestown, Block Island, and in fact all over the state as well as throughout the whole of New England.

Private Maxwell of the 2nd U. S. Artillery, who committed the assault on Patrolman Crowley last week, was arraigned before U. S. Commissioner J. Stacy Brown yesterday. The case was continued to Friday. Patrolman Crowley is not yet able to return to duty.

The great blizzard very materially interfered with the progress of the work at the Portsmouth coal mines, destroying the large building which was almost finished. A large quantity of machinery, valued at nine thousand dollars, has arrived at the mine, but was injured in transit. It will be some time before the mine is in working order.

Steamer Puritan, which left Fall River at the usual time Tuesday did not reach New York till ten o'clock Wednesday morning, being delayed by a second edition of the storm. The Captain says Tuesday night was a fearful one on the Sound, and that such a storm had never been equalled in New England.

The Newport Street Railway have done good work the past week in keeping their cars running with a good deal of regularity. Probably no road in the country has handled its passengers more promptly.

Dr. Hayden and Mrs. Hayden have gone to Santa Barbara, Cal., for the winter.

Mr. Bradman Cornell is seriously ill at his home on Ayrault street.

Mr. Henry E. Tiepke, the commissioner of the state census estimates the population of this state at this date at 422,276. At the rate of increase for the past years the population of the state ought to be over 500,000 before 1900. (The official figures for 1900 gave us only 428,556).

It is estimated that the damage done to the fishing fleet tied up at Tiverton during the storm will exceed \$15,000.

It looks now as though the Rhode Island Regiment would not be required to go to Cuba. It probably will be sent home and mustered out inside of three months.

The financial loss to shipping on Block Island by the storm will exceed \$30,000. Of the fourteen vessels ashore or sunk in the new harbor, the Rose Brothers is already totally destroyed, and there will soon be nothing left of the Cassie. Much damage was done to buildings on the Island.

RED CROSS MET TEST IN JAPAN FUND DRIVE

Spirit of Service Demonstrated in Readiness for Nationwide Activity.

When President Coolidge by proclamation designated the American Red Cross as the medium through which contributions for relief of the Japanese earthquake sufferers should flow, the President's desire came as an order to the Red Cross. Immediately the entire machinery of the organization was put in motion and within 24 hours the fund campaign was moving with vigor in every part of the country.

This emergency test demonstrated the peaceable readiness of the Red Cross to cope with stupendous tasks in behalf of humanity. Within a month it had collected upwards of \$10,250,000 in contributions, landed ten cargoes of supplies at Japanese ports and was keeping pace with relief requirements—all without a single dollar of the fund being spent for administration.

President Coolidge, in expressing his thanks to the people, said: "When the news of the tragedy in Japan first reached us, the American Red Cross, pursuant to a proclamation, asked the country for \$5,000,000 to meet the great emergency. The answer to this appeal was prompt and generous; in less than two weeks a sum far in excess of the original goal was given."

The work of the Red Cross for Japan is expected to influence a very large enrollment of new recruits during the Roll Call, which starts Armistice Day.

Red Cross First Aid Standards Adopted in Great Industries

First aid in an emergency which assures the injured competent attention until the doctor arrives is making marked headway through the work of the chapters of the American Red Cross. In populous centers 314 chapters conduct first aid classes and last year awarded 9,500 certificates to students. Eight big telephone companies have enlisted their workers in first aid classes, police and fire departments in large cities are making the course compulsory in their training schools, and through colleges and high schools large groups of students receive instruction. The Red Cross also gives this course through Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Y. M. C. A. and similar organizations, and its standard methods have been adopted by railroads, electric and gas companies, mines and in the metal industries. The aim of this Red Cross service is to cut down radically the average of 60,000 accidental deaths per year in the United States.

"Our country could secure no higher commendation, no greater place in history, than to have it correctly said that the Red Cross is truly American."

—President Coolidge.

Every day is a better one to the man and woman stimulated by the Red Cross spirit. Join now for happiness.

Dig New Bed for Isar River. By changing the course of the Middle Isar river, Bavaria expects to make possible the development of an electric current totaling 480,000,000 watt hours a year, an output that will put the plant among the largest of the world. It is estimated that this use of water power will result in a saving of 500,000 tons of coal annually. In digging the river's new channel, 7,000 men were employed.

Ouchi. The widower had made his proposal and was awaiting the reply. Haughtily she arose, and fixing him with a stern glance she exclaimed: "I couldn't marry a widower; the very ideal Catch me walking in another woman's shoes!" Then the light of triumph gleamed in his eyes. "Madam," he returned, "I had no intention of offering you my late wife's shoes—you couldn't get them on!"

A Difference. "How long is it going to take to get through with this case?" asked the client, who was under suspicion of housebreaking. "WELL," replied the young lawyer, thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks to get through with it, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about four years."—Green Bazz.

More Expensive. Two people may be able to live as cheaply as one, but two people cannot drive the same car as cheaply as one.

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

Prepared by the Boston Office of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

For Week Ending November 24, 1923
BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK AND BOSTON WESTERN DRESSED MEATS
Hog receipts light; market quiet; demand light. Bulk of sales \$3.00-\$3.25. Butcher cattle receipts normal; market quiet; demand light; cows and heifers \$3.00-\$3.50, bulls \$3.00-\$4.00. Canner cows and heifers \$1.50-\$2.00.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

The Boston wholesale market for fruits and vegetables has undergone very little change and continues dull for most lines. Maine potatoes on a slightly weaker market, are moving at \$1.45-\$1.50 for 100 lb. sacks packed locally. Oranges second only to bananas as a quantity fruit on the Boston market are arriving in increasing quantities this week. Apples next in importance as a quantity fruit continue in liberal supply with very little movement in the wholesale district. New England unclassified Baldwin's 25¢ up at \$2.50 give a good indication of the general weakness. Western board apples sold very slowly on the street but did fairly well on the auction. Lettuce supplies have been irregular this week. There has been a wide range \$2.00-\$4.00 for crates iceberg due largely to condition. California stock sold higher than Oregon and Idaho generally California iceberg moved mostly \$3.00-\$3.50 with fancy special marks \$3.75-\$4.00. Onions are weaker the past few days than for any time this month. Mass Valley Yellow U. S. No. 1 is moved slowly at \$2.25-\$2.50 for medium to fairly large size only. In 100 lb. sacks. New York U. S. No. 1 Yellow varieties did little better selling mostly at \$2.50-\$3.00 with extra fancy slightly higher. Sweet potatoes have been strong all this week with very light barrel supplies available. Virginia barrels Yellow sold at \$4.00-\$5.50. Delaware hampers \$2.00-\$2.50. Maryland hampers \$1.75-\$2.00 and New Jersey bu. hampers \$2.25.

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS

Dressed poultry market is showing more activity the latter part of the week and heavy fowl are moving well. Fowl 5 lb. av. 31-33¢; 4-4½ lb. av. 27-29¢; 3-3½ lb. av. 22-24¢. Chickens 4-4½ lb. 26-29¢; 3-3½ lb. 24-26¢. Turkeys nearby stock selling in jobbing way around 30-65¢ with premiums for extra fine. Some quarters exceptionally fine. Western and southern stock selling in jobbing way 44-47¢. Live poultry receipts are fairly liberal and demand is good for heavy fowl but lighter weights are drab. Chickens moving very slowly. Fowl: heavy 33-35¢; small 18-22¢. Chickens: fancy 37-39¢; small 18-21¢. Butcher market also shows some activity, mostly in small lots. Buyers are very cautious and are not anticipating their future needs to any extent. Offerings of 87-88 scores are liberal but are very hard to sell. 92 score 31½¢, 90-91 score 48-50¢; 85-89 score 45-46¢; 82 score 44½¢. Eggs market steady to firm at slightly easier prices at the moment. Demand for fresh eggs is not as active at the moment as it was last week and dealers were willing to make concessions to keep floors clean. Storage eggs moving in a fair way but the undertone is slightly easier. Westerns 20-22¢. Extra firsts 63-64¢; Firsts 55-62¢; Seconds 31-34¢. Browns up to 57¢. Refrigerators: Extra firsts 33¢, Firsts 31-32¢, seconds 25-30¢.

State health authorities are to co-operate with the local health officers in making a survey to ascertain, if possible, the cause for the excess mortality rate of babies under one year of age in Lewiston, Maine.

In the superior court, Newburyport, Mass., Wesley W. Tobey of Amesbury, was given a verdict of \$7309.35 against the United States general director of railroads. He was a passenger on a Boston & Maine train which was snow bound at Ipswich, February, 1920, when the railroads of the country were under federal control. He got out of the coach and was struck by a snow plow on another track. He lost one arm.

Massachusetts will receive \$1,096,176 from the federal government for the construction of post roads in 1925. Almost \$1,000,000 was authorized by Congress to be expended on the state roads for the year ending June 30, 1924. The total of the appropriation and authorizations for co-operative post road construction throughout the United States amounts to \$540,000,000 of which \$75,500,000 will be authorized by Congress for 1925.

Alfred Fairbanks, 76, of Grafton, Vt., appeared in the Windham county court and asked for a divorce from his 58-year-old wife on the ground of desertion. Mr. Fairbanks, who is a graduate of Brown University, is a farmer. His marriage seven years ago was his first, but the seventh for his wife. He charges that after four years of married life his wife decided Grafton was too quiet for her and went to Winchester, N. H., where she formerly lived.

Apparently authentic reports received here are to the effect that the Boston and Maine railroad is making plans to provide houses for employees of the car shops in Concord and also at Billerica, Mass. It is understood men working in the shops in Concord who now have their families in Manchester, Franklin and more remote places requiring them to ride back and forth from work daily, have been given assurance that if they desire to build homes in Concord the railroad will finance the projects and allow them to pay for the houses on easy payments in the form of rent.

Because of poor business conditions, Vermont hunters and trappers will not receive as much for their furs this year as last season. Some of the furs will bring only one-half that which was received a year ago. For many years many of the Vermont furs have found their way to London and other cities of Europe. This year because Europeans are not spending money in the usual amounts for wearing apparel, the fur market is stagnant and instead of importing furs from America, they are shipping their surplus to the United States and Canada.

Old-Time Male "Vamps." There were always male "vamps"; only they used to be called "lady-killers." The word is remembered very well.

Many Gardens. There are about 100,000 gardens in the Thames valley, British Columbia.

Sky Birds. Some birds with strong voices are exceedingly shy of showing themselves, like the nightingale and the conker, and the grasshopper warbler, which is as timid as a mouse, and flies a secret sort of life under cover of grasses or sedges. Like the nightingale, it sings its best under the cloak of night; or perhaps sings its very best just as dawn is flushing. Then it mounts to some little elevation, a twig or the top of a sedge, and, with quivering form and widely-opened bill, with head turning from side to side, shrilly utters the strange song which earned it the name, "Heeler." At the least alarm it vanishes.

What and Where is St. Helena? It is an island in the South Atlantic ocean, 1,140 miles from the west coast of Africa, and was discovered by the Portuguese of St. Helena's day, May 21, 1502. It afterwards passed into the hands of the Dutch, who held it until 1800, when they were expelled by the English, the present owners. The island is of volcanic origin and covers an area of about forty-seven square miles. It is famous as the place of confinement of Napoleon Bonaparte from October 10, 1815, until his death, May 5, 1821. In 1810 his body was removed to France and deposited in the Hotel des Invalides in Paris.

Why Not? If certain medicinal spring waters benefit human beings why should they not be good for horses who have similar bodily structures? So thought a well-known English horse trainer and his allies horses at Dunstable are now being supplied with water from the famous Harrogate, springs. In spite of laughter of his friends. Did not Epson salts originate in a spring near the famous cure course at Epson? And, is there any significance in that fact?

Repeated. One hundred and sixteen paintings by famous old masters were recently sold in London at Christie's auction rooms for \$938,178. They belonged to Sir Joseph Robinson, the South African magnate. He bought them all back himself except eighteen. When he ordered the treasures to be sold he had not seen them for years, but when they were taken out of storage he fell in love with them again and tried to get Christie's to cancel the sale. He failed and had to buy them in himself. Some had increased greatly in price.

Americans and Grapefruit. Unprecedented demand for grapefruit in London has arisen through the influx of American visitors to the metropolis of the British empire. Covent Garden importers assert that they cannot obtain a sufficient quantity of this distinctly tropical delicacy to supply the tables of fashionable hotels. Prices vary from 16 cents to 25 cents each, but dealers say that visitors from the United States would pay \$5 a dozen rather than dispense with their favorite breakfast fruit.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, So. Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., July 30th, A. D. 1923. BY VIRTUE of and in pursuance of an Execution number 5550 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the sixth day of June, A. D. 1923, and returnable to the said Court September 6th, A. D. 1923, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1923, in favor of William Koschey, of Newport, plaintiff, and against Augustus P. Allen alias John Doe, of Newport in said County, defendant, I have this day at 1 o'clock, p. m., at the Court House in said County, sold to the said Defendant, Augustus P. Allen, alias John Doe, had on the 27th day of October, A. D. 1922, at 52 cents in the dollar, the sum of \$2,000.00, with the time of the attachment on the original writ. In and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Situated on Connors street, 35 feet wide, on lot of J. L. Scott and of Moore, 60 feet; Northwesterly, on land of Laffitt, 35 feet; Easterly, on land of Michael P. Vaughn, 60 feet; all of the said measurements more or less, or however, the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said lot and buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1923, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fee and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 3, 1923. For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the nineteenth day of November, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 19, 1923.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Third day of December, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 16th, 1923.

Estate of Joseph A. Bush and William S. Bush.

PETITION in writing is made by Clark T. Bush, of said Newport, requesting that Mary J. Berthelach, of said Newport, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Guardian of the persons of Joseph A. Bush and William S. Bush, of said Newport, minors, under the age of fourteen years, children of said Clark T. Bush and of Catherine M. Bush, late of said Newport, deceased, and said petition is received and referred to the Third day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, and that citation be served according to law.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

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Large, Comfortable Saloon Orchestra on each Steamer
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Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, November 6th, 1923.
Estate of John A. Mitchell
EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Administrator with will annexed of the estate of John A. Mitchell, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 3rd day of December, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Temporary Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

11-17
Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, November 6th, 1923.
Estate of Deloris A. Mitchell
ANNA M. MITCHELL, Executrix of the estate of Deloris A. Mitchell, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents her first and final account with the estate of said deceased for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the 3rd day of December, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Temporary Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

11-17
Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 16th, 1923.
Estate of Bridget Duffy
AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Bridget Duffy, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Third day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

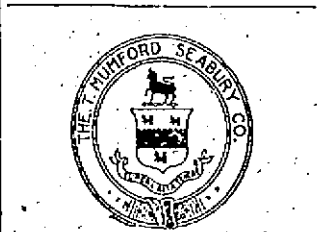
11-17
Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 30th, 1923.
Estate of James W. Robertson
REQUEST in writing is made by Robert C. Cottrell of said Newport, a creditor of the estate of James W. Robertson, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that Duncan A. Hazard of said Newport, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the seventeenth day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

12-1
Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 27th, 1923.
Estate of Victor Sahlin
CHARLES SAHLIN, Administrator of the estate of Victor Sahlin, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased for allowance; which account shows distribution among the heirs-at-law; and the same is received and referred to the seventeenth day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

12-1
Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 27th, 1923.
Estate of Victor Sahlin
NOTICE is hereby given that Julia Carey has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Catherine Carey Curran, late of Newport, deceased, and she is notified to file her claims in this office within the time required by law beginning December 1st, 1923.

12-1
Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 28th, 1923.
Estate of Patrick J. Lynch
NOTICE is hereby given that Florence Lynch of New York City, New York, has qualified as Executor of the will of Patrick J. Lynch, late of Newport, deceased, and she is notified to file her claims in this office within the time required by law beginning December 1st, 1923.

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